OF all the daughters of the year
There's none her equal, none her peer,
Nor one as beauteous, fair and gay
As laughing, joyous, merry May.

SHE JUMPED TO HER FEET, HER EYES FLASHING.
"YOU'RE A QUITTER!" SHE SAID.

To accompany "Cupid on the Diamond." See page 10.

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Cupid on the Diamond

By

Bruce Barton

Illustrated by

M. H. Mason

"MARRIAGE, marriage, what's the use of a college education if a fellow can't rely upon it when it comes to marriage?"

Charles Edgar Link, surnamed Charles the Wurst, jumped from the bed onto his gaping suit case, snapped the lock dextrously, and faced his two companions with the challenge.

"No use, I say", he continued, "no more use than 'Now I Lay Me' in a cane rush".

It was one of the favorite contentions of Charles Edgar Link that four years of scientific training ought to mould a man's character so as to affect and largely determine every subsequent decision of his life. If that principle were not sound, then surely Prexy and the professors had been only gay deceivers, and all the college catalogs and baccalaureate sermons ought to be consigned to the barber shop with the other humorous publications.

Viewed from Charles Edgar's standpoint, the average college man proved a credit to his alma mater so long as he remained a bachelor. Up to that point he weighs evidence, and makes his decisions on the basis of the data gathered, as a scientific man should. And then, at that critical moment when he needs his trained faculties most, the girl enters, science goes into the discard, and he reaches out with his eyes shut for a new hand. Others might view the matter lightly, but it seemed disgraceful to Charles Edgar Link; and he held in particular scorn the members of his fraternity delegation, who had fallen in love one after the other like so many ribbon clerks, instead of taking soundings and climbing in deliberately, as befitted their precise training.

"Bachelors of Science, weren't they?" he demanded. " 'Required by the faculty for graduation 65 per cent.:

their average for the course 65.2 per cent. Answer: they were, everyone of them. And yet they're all married the first two years out, blindly, married-in-haste-married, without so much as attempting to get a line on the contest."

He turned and pulled aside a curtain on the wall, to display a chart with this inscription:

THE BOW AND ARROW LEAGUE
for the championship

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Mother, Home and Heaven	2	2	500
Single Blessedness	2	2	500

The two on the window seat roused themselves to look languidly at the card, and dropped back again into the pillows.

"Pathetic case," murmured the first, "bright boy, college graduate, pride of his parents, but gone, clear gone."

"Hopeless", assented the other. "See that weird gleam in his eye? Our cat looked like that the night before she threw the final fit."

But the enthusiasm of Charles Edgar Link was not to be so dampened.

"There", he said, "is the way they stand so far as the investigation has been carried. Six in our fraternity delegation; five with wives; myself without; the question before the house being whether we shall make it unanimous or continue to have a minority report. I claim you can't pick a flaw in the system anywhere. We're all six as like as six Chinamen, enjoyed the same things in college, wore the same clothes, not all at once, but off and on. Six Damons and Pythiases, Scyllas and Charybdisses, or whatever you're a mind to call 'em. The point is that, matrimonially speaking, here's myself six times; five of me married. Am I happy? Do I love my wife? How can I know, I said, unless I go the rounds of these newly made nests and find out?

"No sooner said than I wired Al Edwards that I would be down to spend three days with him. I started with Al because it was only a few weeks old with him, and I knew I would be most unwelcome there. The fact that he didn't answer my telegram, confirmed the notion; I felt sure the test would be a good one.

"Now, I said to myself, I'll arrange a score card and play the match off, Mother, Home and Heaven, versus Single Blessedness, winner to take all the receipts. Let the game go on in each sweet little home, with me umpire. If they're happy for five of the nine innings, if there's peace, good will to man, then score one for Mother, Home and Heaven; otherwise not. With that I nailed the score card up and started off for Al's home grounds.

"I will say that they tried to look as though they were glad to see me, when I finally found them in a little bungalow down by the beach, and I acted as though I thought no such trivial thing as a wife could ever come between two good old chums like Al and me. But the game dragged from the very first minute; and there wasn't enough interest in me at any point to pay the cost of exhibition. They left me out of the conversation always, and during the meals I nearly starved to death, because their eyes were glued upon each other, and their hands were busy with some secret code, under the table. All the time I felt like a man who has blundered into a parlor and turned on the light. I just couldn't stand it, that's all, and after three innings I called the game and came home to score one for Single Blessedness. I'm for love and sentiment, all right, but there ought to be some sort of union hours. Al may live for twenty-five years yet. Think of twenty-five years of the sign language, life one long, unbroken, illustrated song. You can't stand it, I said to myself; so I set down the score and started out for old Fred Wright.

"Fred and Ella—I call her Ella because 'twas me that introduced him to her at the Junior Prom—played it out for the full nine innings, and maybe you think I didn't enjoy every single minute. The weather conditions were fine, and in the very first inning M. H. and H. knocked out two home runs that pretty nearly put the game away for keeps.

" 'Darling, where are my slippers? That's a dear. And my pipe'. And

we sat and talked it over until midnight, while darling ran away to bed. It was good old college days, all over again; that was long hit number one. And when darling came over the home plate next morning with some lovely graham muffins, just because once at a house party I had mentioned that I loved graham muffins, the bases were full and no outs, and that settled it.

"No overdose of sentiment in Fred's, no kiss at ten minutes before and twenty minutes past the hour; just affection and good fellowship, and team work. The umpire came off the field weak, but happy; and the score stood:

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
M. H. & H.	1	1	500
S. B.	1	1	500

"With that I got a little excited, because the teams stood so close together and the series promised to go to the end of the season. So it has. The next two games didn't change the situation in the least. Good old Nick Aldrich, genial old toad, provided three days of amusement that was simply great. From the word 'Go,' Cupid had Old Lonely guessing, so that there wasn't a single chance for me to make what you'd call a close decision, in the whole game. Single Blessedness was out, one, two, three; and the score stood:

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
M. H. & H.	2	1	665
S. B.	1	2	335

"But Jack Chaifin changed it all. Poor Jack, whom we have loved long since and lost a while. Can't smoke, can't go out nights, can't get away to go up to initiation, can't talk to strange friends over the telephone. Thoroughly house broke; and the worst of it is, his pride's gone. He's house broke and he pretends he likes it. That evened the score; and there you are.

"And that's what I call Science. Understand? Five married, visited four. Two at peace: two building Dreadnaughts. And to-night starts the championship. There's still Joe Elkins to visit. Now that it's come right down to a finish I'm almost sorry that I started it. I've sort of had water on the nerve the whole morning; and my Adam's apple has been pressing so hard against my collar that I can taste cider yet. You can see for yourselves, even with your intelligence, that a lot depends on this. If Joe puts up a good game, it's 'Button me up the back, dear', and 'Who was that strange woman I saw you talking to at the dance?', and all the rest of it for me, for maybe fifty years. And if Joe fans out, why—you understand, don't you, if Joe fans out, there'll be 60 per cent. against me, and—well, I'll follow the evidence. In the meantime, you can come here to the room every night, and I'll write to you. So long": and the door closed with a slam and a shudder.

Slowly the two raised themselves from the window seat and started deliberately across the room for a small oak cupboard.

"He's gone", said the first.

"So are his cigars. So's everything. Bottles empty; nothing left. Curse him. What right has he to think of a wife, when he can't even support his friends?"

And murmuring at the selfishness of men in general, and of Charles Edgar Link in particular, they smothered the light and filed out.

Elkins met him at the train in a smart runabout, and they drove out beyond the pretentious residences to a demure little cottage, which Elkins gravely informed him was the "Nest". Mrs. Elkins met them at the door. Charles remembered having seen her at a house party; and he noted with an appreciative glance that she seemed far prettier than before, as she stood on the piazza, framed between the climbing roses on each side.

"The Cupids", he registered, "trotted onto the field with a confident air, and were given a warm hand by the assembled crowd."

A minute later he was changing his collar—'getting into his mask and chest protector', as he expressed it—and reminding himself sternly that much depended on this contest, and that the umpire must under all circumstances maintain a calm and judicial demeanor.

"I want you to meet my sister", said Mrs. Elkins as he stepped out of the little hall into the parlor. "Marion,

let me present Mr. Link, a college friend of Joe's."

"Mr. Link, I'm glad to know you", said the girl, and Charles Edgar did not fail to note the direct frankness in her manner, as of one who has weighed many men and found them neither light nor heavy.

He endeavored to catalogue her scientifically, and was nettled to find it so difficult. There was much brown hair which rolled down over her forehead like maple frosting over angel cake; there was a complete outfit of eyes and nose and ears, all mounted on a well-fashioned body, a manner thoroughly self-possessed, but altogether pleasing.

For a moment the memory of the stern duty on which he had come pressed upon him.

"The players were hampered," he noted, "by the presence of unexpected spectators, who crowded onto the field, interfering with the game, and making it extremely difficult for the umpire to render his decisions."

And so, having appeased his conscience, he devoted himself to Miss Seymour, regarding her with a glance which lacked nothing in appreciation.

"I have heard Joe speak often of you", she said. "You are the only one of the delegation, aren't you, who isn't married?"

"I'm it", he assented. "My only consolation is that it's been a rather profitable business for me. You see there was something like $300 bet that I would be the first one, to say nothing of dinners—enough to board me a month."

"So your failure is a purely commercial one? Is that it?

"That", said Charles Edgar, "is what I expect to find out." With which somewhat puzzling remark, he offered his arm, and they passed out into the dining room.

Toward the end of the meal, the conscience of Charles Edgar, which had been reminding him at half-minute intervals that he was there not to chatter with little girls, but to conduct a serious scientific investigation, experienced a sudden relief, when Joe announced that he and Mrs. Elkins must be out for the evening, in settlement of some long neglected social obligation.

"And I've got to walk down town to the post-office", said Marion.

"That's fortunate", said Charles, "so have I."

"What for?" asked conscience. But Charles Edgar was in no mood to be catechized.

"I have a letter that must go to-night", he added. The necessity for communicating with his two friends had flashed suddenly into his mind, and had grown momentarily in importance. "It's really very important. I think, I'm sure, that I ought to see that it's posted, myself."

Upstairs the conscience of Charles Edgar grappled with him again, and for a few minutes the scrimmage was fast and furious. He was acting most unscientifically, conscience accused, exposing himself to all sorts of distracting influences. But the letter, Charles countered, was really important. Wouldn't the two fellows at the room be nervous and worried until they heard from him? Of course they would. He might send it by Miss Seymour, certainly. But what did a mere girl of twenty know about posting letters. Nothing. He must go, and there could be no other answer to it.

He wrote: "The game opened with every promise of a close and interesting finish before a crowd that watched every move with keen appreciation. Cupids appeared trained to the minute, and made a distinctly favorable impression. Single Blessedness said to be a little slow but credited with good staying powers. In the first inning—supper to-night—some hot ones were put across the plate which kept the Single Bs. from being dangerous at any point. Weather fair, and promises well for the series. At different points spectators obtruded themselves onto the field, much to the discomfort of the officials. Unless there is an improvement in this condition to-morrow drastic action will be taken. Link, Umpire",

An hour later, when they had covered the two miles which separate the "Nest" from the post-office, he excused him-

self for a moment, to add this postscript:

"Later: In an important conferference just concluded, between the umpire and a representative of the spectators, various matters of great interest to followers of the game were discussed. It is understood that the umpire contemplates a plan for removing spectators entirely from the field throughout to-morrow's contest, and that such a proposition will be presented within a few minutes."

If it had been hard before to keep the thought of duty clear before him, the difficulties became almost insurmountable as the two started back together on the long walk home. It was essential, as he had gravely pointed out to her on the way down, that they treat each other as old friends at once, she being a sister-in-law to his brother, and hence not quite a sister, but somewhat nearer than a cousin. She had agreed, bending before his greater age and maturer judgment.

Charles Edgar was credited with being a past master in the command of those trivialities which men usually reserve for their conversation with women, but some way or other, they did not seem to fit in to-night, and he finally gave them up. At first gingerly, but with growing confidence he essayed the topics in which he really felt an interest, and was delighted to find her not only interested but remarkably well informed. As they turned off the village street onto the silent country road that wound out to the "Nest", the moon broke suddenly from behind a cloud, and poured down through the branches, scattering great spots of silver across the way before them. Charles Edgar stopped in the midst of a sentence, which was never completed. For a time neither spoke.

Finally Link: "Glorious, isn't it? Seems to me you have the finest moon in this county I've ever seen. I've often wondered what he's for, the moon, I mean; perhaps he's the electric sign on the marriage factory. Marriages are made in heaven, you know. When they turn him on, perhaps that's a signal that they've just made another. You believe that marriages are made in heaven, don't you? I know some of them are. At least mine's going to be."

"Why, Mr. Link—"

"Edgar", he corrected.

"Well, then, Edgar, I didn't know that you were to have one".

"They're a little behind on their orders just at this time of year. Awful rush in June, you know. But my name's in. Yes, I put it in just recently. Oh, just a little while ago. And they've promised me one of their newest 1911 models."

The conversation drifted back to college and college experiences, and for a time the girl talked and Charles Edgar listened. He was not known as a good listener. His suddenly acquired proficiency in the art rather surprised him and would have shocked his friends. But Charles Edgar was not thinking of his friends just then. His conscience had come forward with a message labelled "Important", and had been sent scurrying. And Charles Edgar, looking and listening, thought that the whole landscape had waited through the years just to frame the picture that was there beside him.

"I felt sort of mean coming here," he said when they had finally reached the gate, and it appeared that he must say something. "Joe just married, you know. Seems a sort of cad trick to drop in on him. What I want to do is to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, and keep out of sight except when it's absolutely necessary I should appear." Here he stopped while conscience pricked sharp and deep. "Don't you think, Miss Seymour—Marion, I mean—that you better take me out for a walk to-morrow, a long walk, with lunch in the woods, and all that. Not for my sake, you know, but for Joe and Ella. They'd appreciate it, don't you think?"

And she said: "You're a very thoughtful young man for Joe and Ella,—and unselfish too. I like unselfishness. It ought to be rewarded. Perhaps—maybe—I think perhaps I can."

Long after her footsteps had died away down the hall, Edgar listened. Long he tossed and thought, and hummed to himself. And down in the

dungeon of his being, chained and sullen, his conscience settled stubbornly and waited for the dawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe were waiting for him in the dining room when he came striding down the next morning. He replied to their greetings heartily, and held Marion's hand a trifle longer than the law requires. The covert smile, which played about the corners of his host's mouth, did not disconcert him in the least.

"Long walk to the post-office", said Joe.

"Good walk", he assented, "one of the best I know."

"I've got a letter to send", Joe continued, "an important letter. I'd let you and Marion take it, only, it's important, and it must go out before to-morrow afternoon."

Charles Edgar glanced across at Marion, and forgave Joe at once for the jest which had produced there so rich a color. With a daintily executed movement, Mrs. Elkins came to the rescue.

"Why, Joe, I don't think they were gone so awfully long. It must be all of two miles to the post-office."

"Two miles it may be", assented Edgar, "but I'll bet they never measured it in the moonlight. Why, Joe, that's all in all the prettiest walk I know. Come on with your letters. I'll carry 'em up one at a time, just for the walk. Of course", he added, "I'd be a little afraid to go alone—unfamiliar country, you know, and all that."

"I know", said Elkins, and looked across at his wife, who smiled a little and answered.

"Yes, we know."

The plan for the day which the two had agreed upon was called up for debate, amended, and passed with no dissenting vote. The girls busied themselves at once with the luncheon preparations, and Charles Edgar sat down to compose a brief dispatch to the waiting loved ones at home.

"Second inning opened with bases full and Single Blessedness much depressed. Unable to land effectively on Cupid's delivery at any point. Both sides playing faultless ball, but Cupid leading with long, clean hits into both gardens. Single Blessedness makes last desperate effort to hold the fort but crowd already breaking up in anticipation of tame finish. Link, Umpire".

Then, after a moment's thought, he added:

"No previous contest has been witnessed by such attractive spectators. Officials have had little difficulty in handling them and hope to have them completely under control before the end of the inning."

And then, after a considerable period of hesitation.

"I suppose I need not insult your intelligence by adding that the cigars and other necessities are on a little shelf in the closet, behind our dress suit. You probably have found them, anyway."

All that day the two tramped through the woods, or sat beneath a towering tree while she read, and he listened and looked. They talked frankly on many subjects. Before noon he had decided that she was different from any of the other girls he knew. After the luncheon, which consisted of sandwiches of her own manufacture and tid-bits of marvellous construction, he began to feel that the twenty-six years of his life, already lived, had been almost if if not quite entirely wasted. She was undeniably pretty, prettier, he thought, than any of the rest of them; but she did not insist on publishing her beauty in every gesture, or demand special obeisance always on that account. He did not have to knock his conversation out to her in easy pop flies. He lined it out in long, hard hits, telling her exactly what he thought about the things that interested him; and always she was there, gathering them in, and shooting them back straight and vigorously. He forgot his science, his tests and cross-examinations, and joyously, unquestioningly, liked her more and more.

"Marion", he said, when they had packed up the remnants, of the luncheon and were finally started on the cool walk home. "I have known you almost two days now. I cannot deceive you longer."

She looked at him half question-

THEY LEFT ME OUT OF THE CONVERSATION ALWAYS, AND DURING THE MEALS I NEARLY STARVED TO DEATH

ingly, and for the first time, he hesitated a little, and then went courageously on.

"I came down here with an ulterior and unworthy motive. Joe thought it was merely to visit him, but the truth is I came to criticise and vivisect, and sit in judgment. It didn't appeal to me as being mean, at the start, but I can see now how caddish and altogether selfish it was. I intended to use Joe the way a scientist would a guinea pig. He was innoculated with the marriage germ. I was to observe, test and study, and discover how far I might trust my own little system to combat it." He paused, but her manner betrayed neither censure nor encouragement.

"That's not the worst of it, either. I've tried the same snide trick on every one of them—Al, Fred, Nick Aldrich, Jack Chaifin—the whole bunch. I've invaded every single, sweet young home in the first days of its joy and happiness. I've bent the cold, calculating eye of science on them. And for why? For the mean, vulgar, disgraceful purpose of discovering how the two-in-one game really measured up against its advance notices, of estimating whether I could afford myself to take the chance.

"Understand?"—he was hurrying on now, hardly noticing the girl's expression, "there were five of them, and Joe, here, was to settle it—he's fifth. I agreed solemnly with myself that he was to settle it; it stood two for and two against. If Joe seemed happy, contented, at peace with the world, then me for it. If not, well; if he wasn't happy, you understand—don't you?—if Joe wasn't happy,——"

The girl's clear, bell-like laughter interrupted him. Then she sobered suddenly.

"I won't criticise you for the plan,"

she said. "Your own conscience has set you right about that. It was mean to your friends, and thoughtless, and unworthy of you. But what I do criticise you for is being a quitter. I hate a quitter. Why don't you go through with it, now you've started? You came here to study Joe and Ella, to vivisect their happiness. Why don't you study? Why don't you vivisect? You're wasting time; you're going to-morrow and you haven't learned a thing. You're a quitter."

She jumped to her feet, her eyes flashing; he was beside her in an instant.

"I guess I am a quitter", he answered, with a meekness that was an utter novelty, "but it's not for the reason you think. I went through with the experiment all right, only I got the answer quicker than I had expected. I sort of stumbled onto it. The greatest inventions, you know, have been stumbled onto. Science don't find them; we stumble onto them. The system's all right, but—"

"Well?"

"I didn't figure on you."

Her gaze dropped quickly, but she made no move.

"You broke the system, Marion, that I've spent so much time perfecting. It took me hours and hours to work it out, and you smashed it all in a minute. Don't you think you owe me something for spoiling it all?"

He paused but there was no answer.

"You don't realize how lonesome it is, Marion, to be the only poor, homeless man left, out of the whole delegation." Charles Edgar had never realized it himself until a day or two before, but the realization had come quickly and grown strong. He actually pitied himself, as he never had before.

"It's awfully lonesome, Marion; all the boys gone, and me left alone. The world is run by married men. They make the laws and establish the customs and regulate everything. They're in a sort of union 'gainst us poor scabs that stay outside. What chance do we have? They get all the best jobs and have the best time; and we poor devils get nothing. Don't you think you could have a little pity on a lonesome scab? They won't let me in the union without you, Marion. Won't you please O. K. my application, and take me in?"

If there was any answer, it was so low as to be inaudible. Of a sudden Charles Edgar Link, Bachelor of Science, champion of research and thoughtful investigation, found his arms full of girl, and her pretty face upturned to his. And bending down over her, he pressed upon her lips the union label.

The bulletin that night was a telegram which Charles Edgar sent to the station by a heavily-subsidized barefoot boy. It read:

"Game called by umpire end of second inning. Single Blessedness retired in great confusion. Tear down score-card. Home Thursday. Meet me at station with band."

Wee Battalions

By Mary S. Mantle

Illustrated with Photographs

IT WAS the joyous, heartening side of the work of caring for the needy wee battalions of a growing city, which was presented one bright afternoon last October, when a merry company of boys and girls—Canadians, Britishers, Germans, Icelanders, Finlanders, Hebrews, or others—trooped out of the building supplied and maintained by the School Board, and situated in the grounds of the Children's Home in Winnipeg. But of the Home's one hundred and ninety inmates that day many had not reached school age, and it was very charming to see a few of the tiny toddlers—there were twenty-two altogether—in their play room, squatting on the floor on rugs, clambering round the fire-guard, pulling each other's lovelocks, and generally enjoying the heat, comfort and kindly care surrounding them.

Twenty-six years ago the Home first started its work in a small way among neglected children. Temporary or permanent shelter, according to the requirements of the case, and on the decision of the Board, is offered by this institution to children of poor parents who have been unfortunate through sickness or adverse circumstances, to orphaned children, and, saddest of all, to the "not-wanteds," the deserted and neglected ones. A mother may be taken to the hospital suffering from a tedious sickness, and the father is helpless with the young family on his hands. He can place them in the home for a few weeks, and pay a small sum for their care. In all cases, where it is possible, it is expected that the children shall be paid for, but in a great many instances no remuneration at all is received.

When the stories of the six little helpless babies in the nursery were

WHERE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO PLAY

revealed, the pathetic record was after this fashion: Katie's mother was dead; Julia had been deserted by her mother, and her father was in jail; Charlie's father had deserted his mother, and left the country just before he was born, so his mother was working out and supporting him in the Home; Jim was an orphan. But though their histories are often so pitiful, the best of it all is that the children themselves are really and truly happy, are getting a chance to enjoy life, and being fitted to continue to enjoy it.

The fine spirit of those engaged in the different activities of the Home: matron, nurses, secretary, cook, seamstress, laundry and kitchen helpers, was mirrored in three little incidents, significant to an onlooker. Seven-year-old Lucy had crept into a corner, miserable with her present pain and the thought of the future with its medicine bottle, when two of the older girls came along and took upon themselves to mother her. They did it as tenderly as if they had been thrice ten years of age, and she their own. Upstairs among the babies was another of the older girls, by choice helping nurse; while out in the grounds the "walking tots" were having a good time in the care of several of the "half grown ups." And so the same womanly qualities which the life in an ordinary home circle would have cultivated were elicited in this wider family life.

Earl Grey recently spoke very highly of what Winnipeg is doing for her children, and so it is interesting to consider a few only of the representative branches of the work in Winnipeg among needy or neglected children.

Joy and pathos, uplift and heartache, are inseparably interwoven in such work as this. Pathos, in the need for any foster parents; joy, in the willing acceptance of the role by warm-hearted men and women; uplift, in the knowledge of the great things loving hearts in wise co-operation can do; heartache, for the parents who of necessity have sometimes to relinquish their duties, which are also their pleasures; heartache, too, in the thought of the fathers and mothers who appreciate not the beauty of these words, nor the measure of their responsibility.

"There are no bad boys," seems to be the decision to which Mr. W. A. Knowles has come. They may grow into bad young fellows, and later into bad young men, but when they are boys they are not bad—wayward, maybe, very wayward. He is demonstrating his decision, too, in the Knowles' Home for Boys, which is just three years old. It was started, one might say, by chance, on the occasion when Mr. Knowles, then a young business man, took home to his boarding-house a little chap off the streets, because he didn't know what else to do with him.

There were forty-nine boys in his Home last autumn, working, wayward or homeless; some gathered there because they were motherless, fatherless, beyond control, or sent by Magistrate Daly of the Juvenile Court. There are no locks or bars at this McDermot Street residence, and yet one boy was carried in kicking, struggling, and objecting in all the strenuous and ingenious ways known to a boy, but though he had every opportunity to escape if he wanted to, he evidently quickly grasped the idea that it was a pretty good sort of a place for a boy to be. He was parentless and beyond the control of his only relative, who asked for Mr. Knowles' assistance.

It is not hard to see wherein lies this man's influence with boys. He is so intensely interested in them; he knows them so thoroughly; he enters into their play life, their school life, their working life, their striving and their difficulties, with so boyish yet mature an understanding. And a strong, manly Christianity is lived before these boys, who are quick to imitate, ready to respond. Those of school age go to school; the working boys to their duties; all on Sunday attend churches of their own choice, free in all these goings, but they always come back to the Home—because they want to. The boys hold their own court, and try offenders against the rules; the system of punishment which holds being the withdrawal of privileges.

Much more could be told of this

"WE ARE A HAPPY FAMILY,
WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE!"

THE CHILDREN ARE JUST READY TO START ON AN AUTO RIDE AROUND THE CITY

work among boys; of its outreach to the newsboys of the city, of its founder's plans for a stretch of farm land where building and other trades might be taught and the boys encouraged to enrol at the Manitoba Agricultural College when about sixteen, to complete their training. "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," said Emerson.

When eleven-year-old Dolly walked into Hislop's Employment Agency one morning, and wanted to know where she could get a day's work to do, naturally the first question asked was:

"But what kind of work can a little girl like you do?" Quick as a flash she replied, "Why, I can do a day's washing!"

They gave her an address on Mayfair Avenue, where she went and found it to be the Children's Aid Shelter. She was taken in, and when her story became known was kept there, and is still under the society's supervision. Dolly had been sent to the city to make her home with, and be looked after by a relative, who immediately put her in charge of her own seven children, she herself being out at work all day. Dolly didn't appreciate this, and spent too much time playing on the street, or doing any little odd jobs she could pick up, eventually drifting into an employment agency, with the results narrated.

This is one of the least harrowing stories connected with the Children's Aid Society's work, which is carried on for the purpose of investigating cases of neglected, abused, dependent or orphan children. The society is incorporated under the Children's Protection Act, and is empowered, if circumstances warrant, to become the legal guardian of such children, find for them foster homes, or otherwise suitably place them. Before the children can become wards of the society, the circumstances have to be explained before a magistrate, and an order given, authorizing the guardianship. It is the aim of these workers to improve the

home conditions wherever possible, and if the parents show by a certain period of good conduct that they are trying to be more fit to have charge of their children, the children are returned to them.

Temporary shelter only is what this society offers, and as quickly as home conditions improve, foster parents are found, or any other provision warrants it, the children are passed on. During a period of ten years over one thousand neglected little waifs were cared for. The work is infinitely pathetic. In so far as its scope permits, the society is answering in a practical way the question asked by Alfred J. Waterhouse, "What have ye done to uplift them?"

"Out of the lanes and alleys,
Out of the vile purlieu,
Summon the wee battalions,
Pass them in long review.
Grimy and ragged and faded—
Say, if you choose, with a tear:
'These are the ones of His kingdom.
And thus do I keep them here.'
What have ye done to uplift them,
These whom He loved so well?
Oh, tiny and worn, unkempt and forlorn,
Us of your heritage tell."

Fourteen little tots were seated round the table busily engaged in making away with a big dinner, the day I was introduced to the Children's Day Nursery, established by the Mothers' Association at 303 Flora Street, where thirty children in one day is about the record attendance.

"Like your dinner, Jackie," I asked.

"You bet I like my dinner," said the wee man, as he continued scooping it up.

A working mother can leave one child here all day for the sum of ten cents, and five cents for each additional child. As early as 7.30 a. m. the first are brought, and it is often 7.00 p. m. before the tired interim mothers have disposed of the last of their charges. A nurse and one helper are there all the year round, and during the summer, when more babies are left with them, additional help is employed.

The nurse said it interested her very much to see how quickly the foreign children picked up the English language. A little Russian chap of four, straight out from his home country, was left at the Day Nursery frequently. He learned to speak English perfectly in two months. A few of the children by their buttonless condition, their cotton clothing on a cold day, or their uncombed hair, showed signs of possessing careless or very busy mothers; but they were a happy, jolly company, as tickled as could be to spend the day at the nursery, and just as tickled when night came to go home with mother or daddy. As we watched the little mites at play, I said to an older girl who had come in from school during her dinner time, and was leading them,

"What game is that you are playing?"

She gave it a tongue-twisting, foreign name, but added, proudly, in somewhat battered English:

"We can play this game in English too, though."

Yet another splendid work in behalf of the children of the poor is undertaken by the Winnipeg Free Kindergarten Association, the oldest kindergarten in the city, established in 1892. They conduct two classes each day in their central building on Ellen Street, and another at a branch institution, known as the Froebel School. One has only to keep his eyes open and mix a little with the children at their play to realize the necessary place which a live kindergarten holds in a poor district. The children's plays consist generally of the things they see grown-up people about them doing, and "Let's play drunken men," or "Let's play going to jail," are the suggestions which often carry the day. In place of these thoughts, in the kindergarten they learn of the beautiful ways in which the parent birds care for their young, the different aspects and signs of the seasons, the trees; and through motion songs and carefully planned play, is supplied not only exercise for their muscles, but a spur to their minds.

It is for the children under public school age that these free kindergartens exist, who thus pleasantly graduate from the freedom of the home to the more strict routine of the public school. "I think the joy we experience over every sign of development in each child is akin to that of the mother over her

baby," said Miss Isabel Coulter, who has for so many years been connected with the Free Kindergarten Association. In addition to the teaching done, the resident matron at the kindergarten headquarters pays regular visits to homes in the neighborhood.

The splendid bazaar, held in the new Union (Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific) Depot at Winnipeg, November 24, 25 and 26, widely advertised the work done and contemplated in connection with the Children's Hospital, a free hospital and dispensary for poor children. It was for the raising of $10,000 for the new building that the bazar was held, and this object was accomplished. At present the work is carried on in a house in the north-eastern part of the city. Thirteen beds are available in the winter time, thirty—the extreme limit of accommodation—in the summer, when an outdoor pavilion can be used. In addition, one thousand children were treated this year through the Out-Door Department. When the new structure on the old site of the Ladies' College, Main Street North, is complete, many additional homes will be gladdened by the extended scope of the Children's Hospital.

Working in Bristol three-quarters of a century ago, George Muller little dreamed of the cities then unborn on which his imprint would be stamped. Through reading an account of his labors, Mrs. Laura B. S. Crouch, of Winnipeg, was inspired to try similar work, with the result that ten years ago she started a "Home for the Friendless" in a ten-dollar-a-month house. Now she superintends a family numbering in the neighborhood of one hundred children and fifty to sixty-five women. This home never solicits money, has no grant or fixed income, and yet it has lived through and expanded during both the lean and the fat years which the country has seen, and stands to-day as a monument to a woman's faith, a woman's faithfulness and a woman's prayers.

ASSORTED SIZES, NATIONALITIES, DISPOSITIONS AND AILMENTS.
OUT PATIENTS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

In the limited scope of one article it is impossible to do more than mention some aspects of the provision which sympathetic men and women have made for the needy children of this growing city, and there are other branches of the work not mentioned here. The Margaret Scott Nursing Mission does a wonderful work among the sick poor, 5,227 visits being paid to infants and children in one year. It

is planning to develop the children's work more along preventive and educative lines. There are, too, the Diet Kitchen and Milk Depot of the Winnipeg Dispensary; St. Joseph's Orphanage, which accepts boys and girls; the Alfred Street Kindergarten; the wide work of All People's Mission; the many boys' and girls' clubs; the Telegram Sunshine Society, through which children are sent to farms for a vacation, and foster parents found for babies; the Supervised City Playgrounds, operating during the months of July and August, and among the children reached by these are many from poor and inadequate homes, as well as those from good homes. And to other organizations and individuals does Winnipeg as a city, and do we as citizens of a country with immense possibilities and as immense responsibilities, owe gratitude.

This work for the wee battalions does not always lead to where the cleanest and pleasantest people reside; it requires quite a stock of patience, and a vision of the end from the beginning; but it is constructive work, well worth the doing.

Not a main feature of these various activities, but a telling one, is, that in caring for the foreigner equally with the Canadian or Britisher, as is done, both are broadened. This applies to institutions where they are in residence, or attend school together. Each learns of other countries, of other characteristics, of other ways quite as good and often better than their own. It is the same useful lesson that contact always teaches; it is the same useful process which spells assimilation.

LADDIE O' DREAMS

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

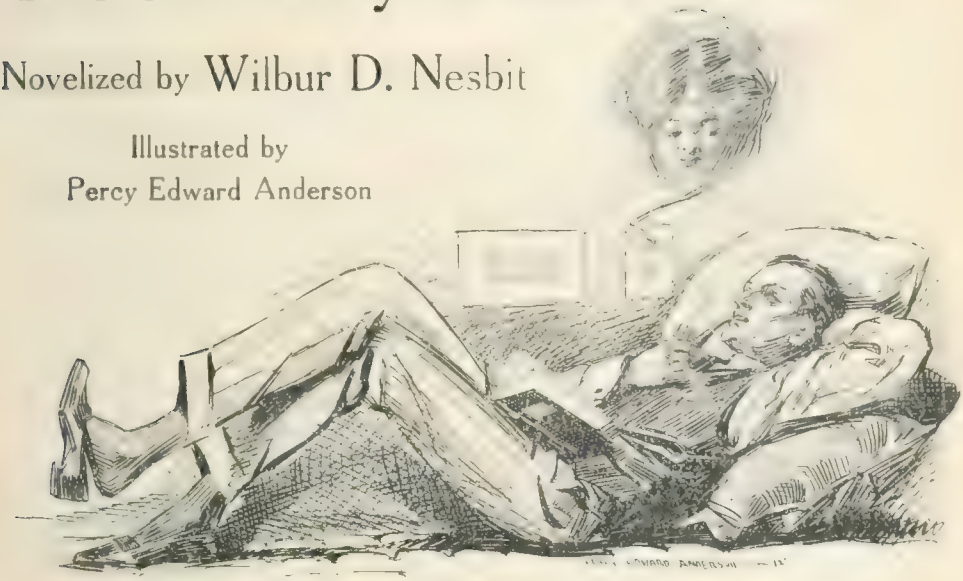
WILL you come when the night hangs her star lamps aloft,
O, laddie, sweet laddie, laddie o' dreams,
Will you come as you did in the night shadows soft,
Laddie o' dreams,
Will you ride on a moonbeam o' silver and grey
From the dim never-land where my hope went astray,
Will you rest on my breast 'till the birds wake the day
O' laddie———O' laddie o' dreams.

Will you bring from your home in the far away years,
O, laddie, sweet laddie, laddie o' dreams,
The whisper o' song that I've wet with my tears,
Laddie o' dreams,
Will you curl in my arms while your wee fingers peep
'Mong the strands of my tresses like little lost sheep,
Will you play that you're real as you're falling asleeep,
O, laddie,———O, laddie o' dreams.

The Girl of My Dreams

Novelized by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



CHAPTER I.

HARRY SWIFTON hummed a song to himself and threw a little more speed into his roadster.

He had every reason to be happy. Long regarded as a settled bachelor, though young enough to be the sort of chap all the girls were setting their caps for, he felt that this was to be the really great day of his life. Lucy Medders and her father were coming to visit him; his sister Carolyn was coming home from boarding school especially to play the hostess, the home had been made spick and span for the occasion, the sun was shining, the little birds were singing in the trees of the park, his roadster was running smoothly and—well, he hadn't a care in the world.

As he took corners in the driveways without slackening speed he murmured:

"Good little buzz wagon! You're the cupid that started all this."

In memory, he could see again that day of the summer before when in the same machine he was whizzing along a country road. Something happened, the machine skidded, with the usual result.

When Harry came to his senses he was lying on an old-fashioned hair sofa, in an old-fashioned Quaker home—but he thought he was in heaven.

Above him bent a Quaker damsel, demurely beautiful and distractingly calm. She was bathing his brow with a cloth wrung out of cold water to which some camphor had been added.

"Do thee feel better?" she asked, in the softest of tones.

"It depends," he managed to say. "If you're going to stop this because I'm better, I'm going to have a relapse."

Then into the room came a stalwart old Quaker.

"Has the young man recovered, Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes, father," she said. Harry sat up, with an effort.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," he said. "It was lucky that I went into the ditch right in front of your house."

With the word "lucky" he looked

meaningly at Lucy, but that self-possessed maiden did not seem to catch his double meaning.

The result of the accident is not hard to guess. Harry found himself so bumped and bruised that it took a fortnight for him to be well enough to return to his home. And in that fortnight he and Lucy became so well acquainted that it then became necessary for him to run up to see her—a mere matter of a hundred miles—once every week. And now he had induced her father to bring her to visit him and his sister.

He reviewed in his mind the events of the days since the accident. Pleasant thoughts, those, for a young man. They take his mind off the immediate surroundings, however.

Automatically he whirled around another corner—then began doing things with the brake, but too late.

Twenty yards before him approached another auto. In it sat a couple oblivious to their danger. There was a smash and a crash, a shriek and a yell. And then the three people picked themselves up.

The man in the other auto leaped to his feet first and shook his fists at Harry. The lady gathered her hair into a coil again and exclaimed:

"My hat! My beautiful hat!"

Harry followed the direction of her glance, and saw the object of her dismay. A handsome hat of yellow straw, adorned with large red flowers, was hopelessly entangled in the steering gear of his machine.

He extricated it—or what he could of it—and offered it to her. But with a tearful exclamation of despair she refused it.

"Scoundrel!" shouted her friend. "Vy do you go running around killing peeples, und ruining deir hats?"

"My dear count!" cried the lady. "Not so loud!"

But the count was not to be calmed. In spite of Harry's efforts to explain matters, he continued his staccato expressions of wrath and vengeance, until, giving up the idea of straightening matters out, Harry popped into his own machine, skilfully ran past the other auto, and resumed his homeward ride. In a moment the count and the lady were in their seat again, the count wheeled his machine about, and the pursuit began. By some deft turnings and twistings Harry managed to evade them and at last reached home.

He dashed into the house, eager to change his clothes and be ready to go to the station to meet Mr. Medders and Lucy. "Pigeon" Williams met him. Pigeon, as he was affectionately called, was a young man who tried his best to be a chum of Harry—for the reason that he was unusually attracted by Harry's sister Carolyn. It was natural that Pigeon should be at Swifton's that morning. He wanted to help Harry have things ready to entertain Lucy and her father, and besides he thought it would cheer Carolyn up to see one of her old friends on her own arrival.

"Is Carolyn here?" Harry asked, as he came in.

"Sure," replied Pigeon. "She got here half an hour ago—mad as the dickens because you didn't meet her at the train. Why didn't you? If I'd known you weren't going to, of course I could have gone."

"I meant to," Harry replied. "But I had a bit of a smash-up in the park."

"Smash-up? Again?"

"Nothing that amounted to much. Head-on bump into one of these runabout things—run about a day and then blow up. German dignitary in it, with a dashing brunette. No wonder he couldn't see me coming. He had to look at her."

"Didn't hurt them?"

"No. Just knocked the breath out of all of us. And her hat fell off, and my machine chewed it up. Look."

Harry dug into his pocket and produced the brim of the lady's hat, with a trailing string of red poppies. Pigeon laughed.

"Keep it for a souvenir?" he asked.

"Don't know. The German fellow got mad, and I came away in such a hurry I forgot what I was doing. Stuck the thing in my pocket absentmindedly, I guess."

"He got mad! No wonder."

"I think he's real peeved. When I

made my get-away he got his old cook stove into action and tried to follow me. But I escaped."

Harry went into his room and Pigeon sat down.

"How's Carolyn looking?" Harry called to him.

"Fine and dandy. Say, Harry," Pigeon went on, maliciously, "the fellows have it in for you."

"In for me! Why?" asked Harry, tugging at a collar button.

"They say you're a quitter. You used to be strong for stag parties, and all that, and now you don't care for anything but the country—and a country girl."

"That so?" Harry said, coming out. "Well, let 'em say what they please. I'm for the country—that's where you go for pure air, green fields, natural flowers, and natural girls. Pigeon, I'm through with all this bachelor stuff. No more of the stag suppers and poker parties for yours truly. I'm ready to quit and be good—if my plans work."

"I think you're dead right, Harry," Pigeon replied, solemnly, "judging from my own experience. There's nothing in this bachelor life."

"Your experience? Here, Methuselah! Take a cigar. Why, you're not even old enough to use a safety razor, boy!"

Pigeon blushed boyishly and felt of his tender mustache with an embarrassedly guilty expression.

"You're always rubbing it in on a fellow," he complained.

CHAPTER II.

Harry laughed sarcastically, and in the midst of his laugh Carolyn dashed into the room. A jolly, romping girl, just at the age when a girl doesn't know whether to keep on being a girl or to consider herself a woman, she paused for a moment at sight of Pigeon, then lost her formality and ran to Harry to greet him.

"Isn't she some girl, though?" Harry cried to Pigeon, with his arms around his sister. "Have to keep my eyes on you, from now on, young lady! You're getting to be too big and pretty."

"I'm not too big!" pouted Carolyn.

"Not a bit—and you couldn't be too pretty," Pigeon earnestly declared.

"I'll have to keep my eye on you, Harry," Carolyn giggled. "Wait until Lucy comes. Do you call her 'thee?'"

"I haven't turned into a whole Quaker yet," Harry answered. "Now you run along and see that this house looks like something."

"You'd better get someone to expurgate this den of yours," Carolyn flashed at him as she left the room. "Lucy and her father may be shocked at some of the things here."

"I'd like to know what there is in here to shock anyone," Harry said to Pigeon.

"Oh, nothing much," Pigeon chuckled. "But maybe that picture of the ballet girl and that figure of the Venus de Milo, and some of the other highly decorative effects are not quite what Lucy has at home."

"Why, those are works of art."

"Here's General Blazes to see you, Harry," called Carolyn from the hallway.

"Come right in, general!" Harry said. General Blazes, pompous, irascible and dignified, was Harry's attorney in several matters having to do with the estate left him by his father. He entered the room as gravely and as impressively as though he were approaching the bench of the United States Supreme court, and said:

"Good morning, boy. Here"—taking a packet from his inside pocket—"here are the deeds, all duly signed and sealed. I believe you will need no further advice from me."

"Thank you, general," Harry said, taking the documents. "That's mighty good of you. I appreciate your kindness in bringing these papers in yourself."

"No trouble at all, I assure you. I was passing on my way to my offices."

"Won't you have a little nip of something to strengthen you for the walk?"

"No, thank you. I am rather in haste. I am slightly worried about Mrs. Blazes."

"Worried? Why, I trust she is not ill."

"Not at all. She left early to-day, to shop for a sick friend."

"Shopping for a sick friend," chuckled Harry. "Are they having special sales of sick friends?"

The general ignored the jest, as, indeed, he ignored all jests.

"After that," he continued, "she was going to attend a luncheon where the ladies were to meet this Count von Fitz, who is such a social lion now."

"I've heard of him."

"Well," the general remarked, "I am dallying here when I should be hastening on. My wife should have been at home by this time. By the way, I don't believe you have met Mrs. Blazes."

"I met two of your wives at different times," Harry smiled; for the matrimonial experiments of the general were subjects of much comment.

"She's not one of the two," the general replied. "They left me by way of Reno long ago. I'm not a bam dit sorry."

Harry laughed again, for when the general became excited it was his habit to get his words twisted, sometimes with ludicrous effect.

The general regarded Harry's amusement with calm disapproval.

"My boy," he said, dropping his hand on Harry's shoulder, "let me give you one bit of good advice—not legal. When you marry for the third time—"

"But I haven't married my first yet," Harry protested.

"You will, however. And when you marry for the third time, don't marry a young, beautiful woman."

"Don't?"

"No. Don't. Half the time she'll have you making a fam dool of yourself."

Having delivered himself of this sage observation, the general stalked to the door, turned and bade Harry farewell, and started out, to bump against a woe-begone person, who was coming in at the same moment.

"I—I beg your pardon, humbly!" exclaimed the newcomer, in a thin, high, weepy voice.

"Br-r-r-r!" grumbled the general, brushing by him.

The newcomer glided in. His long, dark hair hung down to his collar, his white, thin hands plucked with melancholy grace at the roycroft tie he was wearing, and his eyes, which were set deep in his head, gleamed weirdly.

"Alas!" he said, "it is you!"

"You're a good guesser, Primmer," Harry said, grasping his hand. "I'm glad you could come to see us."

Socrates Primmer, a distant cousin of Lucy, and a school teacher who considered himself a poet, had accepted Harry's off-hand invitation to come and visit him at the same time as Lucy and her father were to come. Harry had not dreamed that Primmer would come, for he knew Primmer had long considered himself a suitor for the hand of the demure Quakeress. Nevertheless, here he was, and in the hand that was not adjusting his necktie was held a large hatbox, labeled, "Mlle. Daphne."

"Make yourself at home, old chap," Harry said. "What's that? Your baggage?"

"This?" Primmer sighed, indicating the hatbox. "This is a present I bought for Lucy. I happened to see it in the window of a store near here, and I purchased it and had it sent to this address. It just came, so I want to put it away and later give it to her with my own hands. Alas, my poor, poor Lucy!"

"Why—what's happened? What's so sad about Lucy?"

"She—she—oh, my poor, poor Lucy!" Primmer wailed, going slowly from the room.

"Well, wouldn't that bumb you!" Harry soliloquized. "Cousin Socrates is evidently allowing his blighted affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now, looking about the room, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girls to the attic for a much-needed rest."

He was just about to take the ballet girl picture from the wall, when he was startled by an angry argument in the hallway. One voice was that of a woman, another that of the butler, and the third the broken accents of the German into whose auto Harry had smashed.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "They've trailed me down."

Into the room rushed the pair.

"You!" both cried.

CHAPTER III.

For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It would be difficult to say whether they or he felt the greater surprise

"I want that hat!" spoke the lady, in determined tones.

"Yess. Ve vant dot hat!" said the gentleman.

"I haven't a hat," Harry explained.

The German was about to explode in a few belligerent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm to restrain him, and said in milder tones:

"You can help me out of a most distressing situation, sir."

"How so, madam?" Harry asked.

"We have just come from the new milliner's around the corner. I recognize you as the gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and strangely enough the milliner says that she sent to this house within an hour the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your auto ruined."

"Yellow it vas," interrupted the German. "Yellow, mit red puppies on it."

"Poppies, not puppies, count," said the lady. "Now, sir," to Harry, "I must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model and the milliner had but this one duplicate."

"There has been no hat delivered here," Harry replied.

"But it was," the lady argued. "And I must have it."

"I vill go now, iff you please," said the German, who had been growing more and more nervous, evidently being anxious to be well out of the scrape as soon as possible.

"No," Harry said, sternly. "Wait a minute. If the hat was sent here I should know it. There may be a mistake. Ring up this milliner person and find out just what there is to it. Use the phone there, madam."

CAROLYN

The lady smiled with relief, went to the phone and called for a number.

"Hello," she said. "Is Ma'mselle Daphne Daffington there? Is this you, Ma'mselle?"

"Daphne Daffington!" Harry muttered. "Can't be little Daphne I used to flirt with!"

"This is Mrs. Blazes," the lady said into the phone.

Harry started at that. "Mrs. Blazes!" he said in a hoarse whisper to the German. "Not Mrs. General Blazes?"

"Exactly!" the German assured him.

"Where did you deliver that dupli-

cate of my hat?" Mrs. Blazes asked. After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:

"What's the number of this house?"

"Three hundred and ten."

"They say it didn't reach here," Mrs. Blazes said into the phone. "What? You are sure it did? You will come over yourself? Thank you."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Harry with:

"She is positive that the hat was delivered here, and to make sure she says she will come herself. Now, that hat is here, evidently. And I must have it."

"Yess," the German belligerently added. "Ve must haff it."

But Harry had by this time divined who the German was—he could be no one else than the dapper Count von Fitz, whose flirtatious escapades were discussed on all sides. And, this being Mrs. Blazes, and the General being worried because his wife had not yet come home, Harry could put two and two together and reason that the Count and the dashing Mrs. Blazes had gone for a jolly little ride through the park, which ride had been spoiled by the untoward accident which destroyed her hat.

"Why don't you go and get a hat—any kind of a hat?" he asked. "I'll be glad to pay for it, as I was partially at fault when your hat was ruined."

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare to go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

"But I tell you I haven't it. I'd give it to you in a minute if I had it."

"Vat a nonsense!" the Count cried.

Mrs. Blazes was about to say something, when a strange voice was heard outside.

"Right up here? Thank thee." It was the voice of Amos Medders.

"Great heavens!" Harry hissed. "They've come. My future father-in-law, and my future fiancee!"

"Aha!" the Count said, malevolently. "Unless you gif us der hat ve vill make some trouble."

"Please go!" Harry begged. 'Please! I haven't the hat. I'll get you a whole hat store, if you'll only go!"

But they were adamant. Mrs. Blazes, nerved to desperation because she knew she simply could not go home without her hat, planked herself into a chair and announced that she would stay right there until he gave her her own hat.

An inspiration came to Harry. Taking Mrs. Blazes by the arm he said:

"I'll send out and get you the hat. I'll get that milliner to rush another duplicate for you. Here, hide in here for a while. You understand there'd be no end of talk if you were found here."

He rushed Mrs. Blazes to the door of his own room and pushed her in and slammed the door, then turned to the count.

"Now you may go," he said.

The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room.

"I can't meet them while I am in this condition," he said, looking about the room. "I'm so nervous they'd think I was guilty of something terrible or that I didn't want them here. If I were guilty I could carry it off easily. Thus does innocence get the hooks!"

And as Lucy and her father came into the room he slipped out of the door leading to the back hallway.

Wonderingly, Lucy Medders and her father parted the hangings and entered Harry's den. They gazed about them, at the steins, the boxing gloves, the pipe racks, the pictures and all the other fittings of a bachelor's den.

On the table lay a deck of cards, a half smoked cigar, an opened box of cigarettes, and some scattered red, white and blue chips.

"Oh-h!" Lucy gasped. "Isn't it lovely, father?"

"And this"—Mr. Medders said—"this is Harry's home?"

"It seemeth different from our own home, doth it not?" Lucy asked, shyly.

"Verily, daughter," Medders remarked, coming to a stop before the highly colored picture of the ballet girls, "there be nothing like this at home."

"Why," Lucy said, looking at the picture, "see the ladies in the rainy day skirts!"

"I see the ladies," Medders said, drily, "but where are the skirts? Verily, daughter, they must have feared a flood."

"Perhaps," Lucy offered, seeing that her father viewed the picture with disapproval, "perhaps it is a biblical scene."

"Nay, daughter. If it were, more people would be buying Bibles."

Medders turned from the picture, and his attention was caught by the statuette of the Venus de Milo. He looked at it intently.

"This is a sad sight, daughter," he remarked.

"Because her arms are broken, father?" Lucy asked, innocently, not understanding that her father was expressing a dislike to such works of art. "Peradventure she broke them off trying to hook her dress in the back," she continued, merrily.

"She hath no dress to hook," Medders said, solemnly. "But, aside from these, the place hath a seemly look."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the hallway came gliding in the sorrowful figure of Socrates Primmer. He caught his breath sharply at sight of Lucy, and then advanced, with his hands outstretched.

"Ah, my poor, poor cousin Lucy!" he wailed.

"Oh, cousin Socrates!" Lucy cried. "How nice of thee to come."

Medders looked on with kindly amusement. He had long known of Primmer's unrequited attachment for Lucy, and to him it seemed that the best course to pursue was to allow Primmer to weep it out. Primmer looked mournfully at Lucy and said: "As Riley might have written:

"Now my heart is full of sorrow and my soul would fain repine
For another fellow's courting that old sweetheart of mine."

"But," Lucy smiled, "I am not old, and I am not thy sweetheart, cousin Socrates."

"Verily, Socrates," Medders said, "thou would'st make a poor sort of husband, weeping continually about the house. Thou mightst dampen the clothes on ironing day, though."

"Don't mind father, cousin Socrates," Lucy said. "He doth but jest."

"Harry said for me to ask thee to allow me to show thee to thy room, Uncle Medders," Socrates observed, lugubriously. "And his sister will come this moment to greet poor, poor Cousin Lucy."

Primmer led Medders out. Lucy looked about her, wonderingly, for a moment, but whatever her thoughts may have been, they were ended suddenly when Harry hurried in.

"I'm so sorry not to have met you when you arrived," he said, seizing both her hands, while she drew herself away in shyness.

"I am truly glad to see thee, Harry," she told him. "Thy house is most seemly."

Harry looked quickly at her. There seemed to be an undercurrent of hidden meaning in her words. But a glance at her lovely face, framed in the sunny hair escaping from beneath the simple Quaker bonnet, was enough to convince him that there had been no guile in her remark.

Lucy, in her plain, almost severe, gray dress, with just the touch of white at neck and throat, and the soft gray ribbons tying her bonnet beneath her chin, was a marked contrast to the dashing beauties he knew. But with all her simplicity of manner she had that indefinable quality called "charm," which may not be acquired through the donning of gaudy raiment and the heightening of the color of the cheeks, nor by any of the extraneous aids to beauty. And such charm, also, may not be lost at any moment by the one possessing it. Charm in a woman is like magnetism in a man. It manifests itself unconsciously and naturally, so that others measure the possessor by it and not by his or her appearance.

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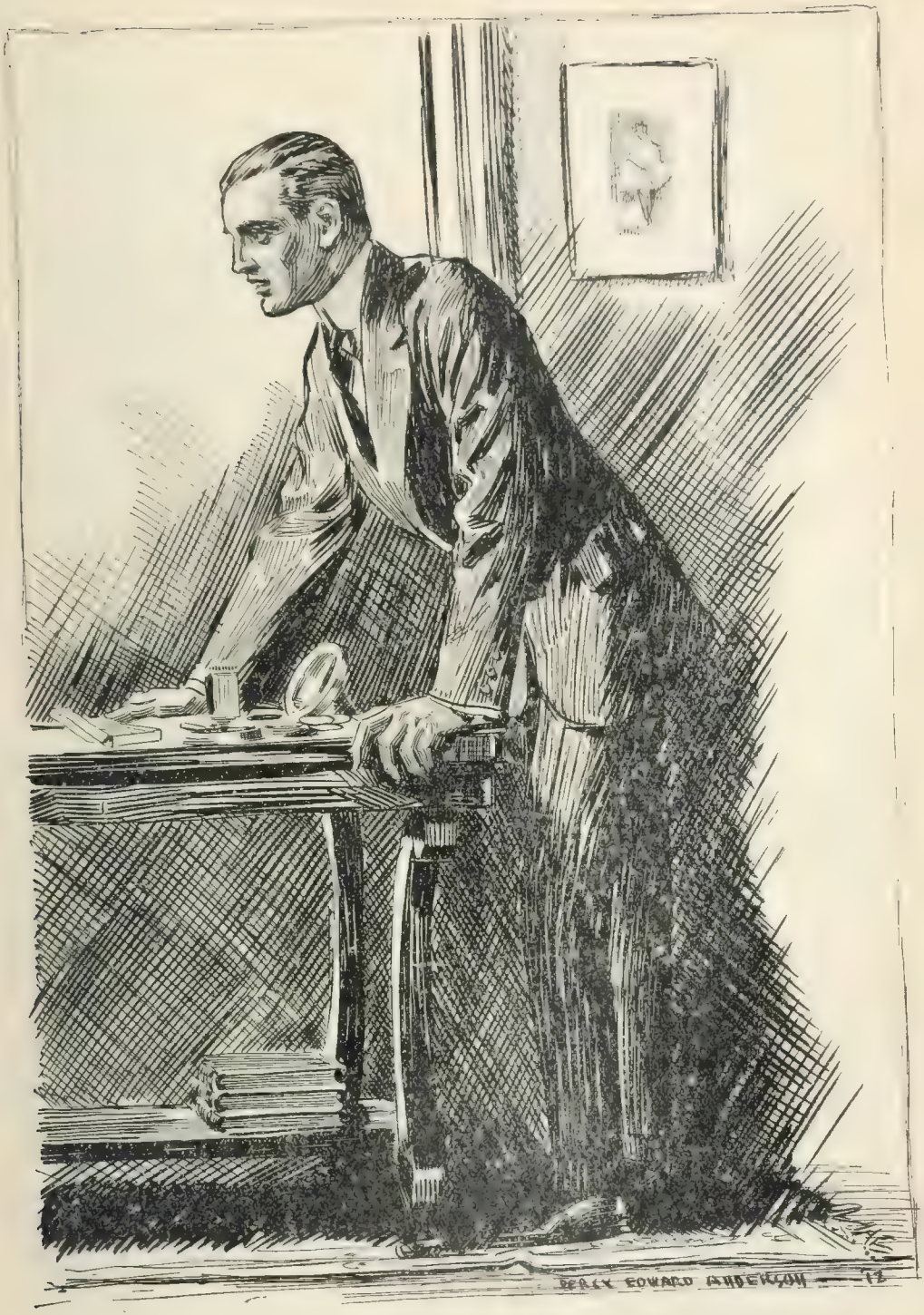

HARRY LOOKED QUICKLY AT HER. THERE SEEMED TO BE AN UNDERCURRENT OF MEANING IN HER WORDS

Harry drew her toward him, still holding her hands. There was no mistaking his wish. Lucy, unsophisticated though she was, evidently understood him.

"Nay, Harry," Lucy said. "Thee knows I do not think a girl should be kissed before she is wedded."

"All right!" Harry laughed, dropping her hands. "You always have your way with me. A girl ought to be mighty careful who kisses her after she is married, too, don't you think?"

Lucy smiled quaintly. Some of Harry's jests were a bit too flippant for her. Harry went on:

"Really, I'm mighty sorry I didn't meet you at the train. But, you see, I had a little trouble with my machine this morning."

"It was as well that thee did not meet us. It would have spoiled father's plans. We wanted to find thee in thy usual atmosphere."

Again Harry looked quickly at her. The surroundings were such as to make him keenly alive to any possible suggestion of some other meaning than her words implied. But Lucy's face was as serious as ever. She looked about the room, and sighed:

"Thy house is just lovely."

"It will be," Harry said, glancing apprehensively at the door of the room where Mrs. Blazes was waiting patiently for her hat—"It will be when it's fixed up. Some things have to be moved out."

"And will thy sister—Carolyn—will she show me about the house?" Lucy asked.

"Certainly," Harry answered, gallantly. "But you don't need her. Just make yourself at home. Go anywhere you like."

Lucy started toward the room where Harry had placed Mrs. Blazes. But Harry was following her to detain her.

"And in here?" Lucy asked. "What have you there, Harry?"

"There? There?" Harry stammered. "Why—why, that's just some old junk in there. Wouldn't interest you at all."

"A junk room? How odd!"

"Yes—I—you see—I used to have a fad of collecting junk."

The sweat was standing on Harry's brow. He knew that Mrs. Blazes could overhear him, and his brief experience with that lady taught him that she had a natural feminine aversion to being termed junk. If she should decide to assert herself by opening the door and making a few remarks! The thought was appalling.

"Come, Lucy," he suggested. "Let's go and see—and see the goldfish."

"Nay, Harry," she smiled. "Let me see thy collection of junk. I did not know thee were an authority on that."

"Later, Lucy," he said. "Later."

"Then I will peep into thy library," she decided. "Is not this it?"

She started to the other door, opening into the room where the Count was whiling the time away and contenting his soul with such patience as he could muster.

"No, no!" Harry said, almost frantically, catching Lucy's arm. "Not now!"

"But why, Harry?"

"I—I've got a little surprise in there for you, Lucy."

"A surprise? Oh, surprise me now!"

"That would spoil it all," he assured her, feeling that his ruse was working.

"How can it surprise me later, when I know it is to be a surprise, anyway?" she asked, with feminine logic.

"Well—it will be a surprise—and I—that is—"

"Now, Harry, thee has aroused my curiosity. I will see now."

"No," he told her, firmly. "Not now. Later."

"But now, Harry."

"Oh, come, Lucy," he said, with a man's usual lack of judgment. "Be reasonable."

"Ah, thee call me unreasonable! Oh, if father knew that already thee had called me that!" she pouted.

"No, no. I didn't say you were unreasonable. I just—just asked you to be reasonable."

"But that is the same thing!" She stamped her little foot with the words.

"Lucy, you misjudge me," he said, solemnly. "I simply was not ready for you to look in there yet."

"Alas!" Lucy almost wept. "To

think that we have had our first quarrel already!"

Harry came near to her and murmured:

"Well, let us make up. One kiss to show me you forgive me."

"Nay, Harry," she protested, but not very forcibly. "Thee knowest I do not approve of that."

"How can you approve of a thing until you have it?" Harry wanted to know. And then—Socrates Primmer, hat box in hand, appeared in the doorway, and what he saw sent his heart thumping to his boot heels.

"Woe is me!" he said, sadly. "The time to give her my present is not yet."

And as he turned to go he collided with Carolyn. That plump young lady accepted his apology gaily, and left him still delivering it as he went on down the hall, while she rushed to Lucy and greeted her effusively.

"We're going to have the jolliest time ever!" Carolyn cried delightedly. "Come. Leave Harry to his own miserable company, and I'll show you your room."

As she turned, she remembered something.

"Harry," she said, "I want some pillows out of your room."

Carolyn rushed to the door of Harry's bedroom and seized the knob. Harry sank weakly into a chair and awaited the blow.

"It's all over," he said to himself. Carolyn tried the door, but it would not open.

"Why, Harry!" she said. "Your room is locked."

"Eh? Oh! What? Harry said. "Locked? Now, who could have locked it?"

He fumbled in his pockets, meanwhile listening acutely for the sound which would tell him that Mrs. Blazes was presenting herself. But, blessings upon her head! She did no such thing. With a gasp of relief Harry said:

"I've left the key somewhere. I'll look for it after a while."

Lucy looked at Carolyn with an awe-stricken face.

"Is that Harry's bedroom?" she asked, in horrified tones.

"Why, yes!" Carolyn answered.

"And I desired to see it! Oh! Harry, what must thee think of me. And how nice it was of thee to tell me it was only a junk room."

She went out with Carolyn, leaving Harry sunk dejectedly in a big chair. After the girls were gone he looked apprehensively first at one door, then at the other. Slowly he shook his head, trying to fathom the muddle into which he had plunged himself.

"If I had tried to fix this up for myself," he said, sighing deeply, "it couldn't have been worse."

But it could be—and was about to be—much worse.

CHAPTER V.

Unannounced, there entered the room a slender woman, whose face was half hidden by a huge, flopping, bushel-basket type of hat, the brim of which was draped with flaunting, flapping lace, and from whose crown lifted into the air a gorgeous array of feathers and ribbons and flowers. A tight-fitting gown, with the skirt so hobbled that her steps were painfully mincing, encased her form, and from behind her drifted the most remarkable train that ever was. She tottered in on her high-heeled shoes and peered about the place with a mingling of coyness and assurance that was amazing. Harry looked up, saw her, and groaned. Then he lapsed back further into the chair and mentally gave himself up to the inevitable with the words:

"Ye gods! Daphne Daffington!"

She looked him over coolly, and said:

"You!"

He nodded his head weakly. Things had been piling themselves up too rapidly for him to be able to face the situation with any assurance whatever.

"After all these years!" she exclaimed. "To find you at last. Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh"—confusedly—"I've been here and there—first at home and then away off."

"Well," she said, pursing her lips determinedly, "you're away off if you think you can shake me as easily now as you did the last time."

"I'm sorry, Daphne," Harry told her. "I know you have a right to think harshly of me."

"A right!" she said, scornfully.

"I know," he confessed, "that you think I treated you shabbily."

"Shabbily?" she sniffed. "You only call it shabby to ask me to go to a ball game, and leave me under an awning in a pouring rain—and that's the last I see of you in two whole, long, weary years!"

Harry squirmed.

"I guess that wasn't right, Daphne," he acknowledged.

"You said you were going for a cab," she accused him.

Harry jumped up suddenly.

"I'll go and get you one now," he offered.

Daphne stopped him with a steely glance, and demanded:

"Where's that hat I sent here?"

Harry stared at her for the moment with utter blankness. Then it slowly filtered through his brain that she was the milliner to whom Mrs. Blazes had telephoned. Daphne misinterpreted his stare for one of admiration, and with a remarkable imitation of shyness, she asked:

"Do you think my new gown is becoming, really?"

"It's a beaut," Harry informed her. "It's a beaut. How do you get it on? With a shoe horn?"

"There you go again!" Daphne said, accusingly. "You were always so full of sarcasm that you acted sour. I want that hat I sent over here."

"You never sent any hat here."

"Yes, I did. A yellow hat, trimmed with red poppies. It was a duplicate of an imported model that I sold to one of my best patrons."

"I've heard of that hat," Harry mused. Then he said, brightly: "Why, you're not the renowned Mlle. Daphne, the milliner, are you?"

"None other," preened Daphne. "You see, I have risen to fame and achieved my ambitions, while you have been content to remain in obscurity."

"To my sorrow," Harry replied, "that is too true, Daphne. But about the hat, I really know nothing of it. There must be a mistake."

"It came here, all right," Daphne replied. "The party who got it wouldn't give his name. He just gave this number."

"Well, I wish such a hat were here. The messenger must have taken it to the wrong house. Now, Daphne, I want just such a hat as that, and I'll pay you a good price for it."

Daphne shook her head judicially, and fluttered her hands as though she had been asked to pluck a few stars from the sky.

"I can't make another," she said. "There aren't any more like the original. I had two models, but they're both gone. One I sold to Mrs. Blazes—"

"Mrs. Blazes!" Harry interrupted.

"Yes," Daphne said, "Mrs. General Blazes."

Harry looked at the door of his room, expecting Mrs. Blazes to come forth and enter the discussion. What construction Daphne might put on her presence, concealed, in his house, he feared to imagine. This, coupled with his old flirtation with Daphne, and her sensistively jealous disposition, would be sure to make things unpleasant for him. And, further, if she learned that Lucy was here, and discovered his fondness for Lucy, he knew mighty well what sort of a row she would kick up. He trembled at the thought. Daphne saw his trepidation.

"Why?" she asked. "What is Mrs. Blazes to you?"

"Nothing," Harry said, fervently. "Absolutely nothing."

"Well, you acted queer. You always did act queer," Daphne said. "Anyway, the other hat was sent here, and I want to get it."

"But it isn't here," Harry assured her. "If it were, I wouldn't let you have it, because I want one like it myself. Can't you make one for me?"

"I might," Daphne said, assuming the coy air that she fancied to be so irresistible. "Why do you want a hat? Is it for your sister?"

"No, Daphne. You see, it's this

way. I—I'm to have a guest—two guests. A young lady I'm greatly interested in—you see, it has been so long since we parted that I am sure you have forgotten me—and so—well, this young lady is to visit my sister, and—well, I've got to get that hat,"

"Is the hat for her?" Daphne asked, interestedly.

"No," Harry blundered. "It's for another woman."

Daphne drew herself up with the pose of a tragedy queen.

"Aha!" she said, in denunciatory tones. "So you're up to your old tricks, are you?"

Harry wilted at that, and could make no sufficient reply.

"Well," Daphne decided, "I'll make you the hat—on one condition. I'll get it finished this afternoon, provided that you and I—just our two little selves—shall have one of our old time cozy, comfy dinners to-night."

Harry was aghast. This was too much. The more he tried to get out of his trouble the more new troubles were invented for him.

"Daphne," he said, "I—I simply can't do that."

"Two years ago," Daphne reminded him, "you would have jumped at the chance to have the dinner, and never have bothered about the hat."

"I know, but, Daphne, it is impossible. You see, these guests will be here, and I can't be away when I should be entertaining them."

"They won't miss you," Daphne said, cruelly. "You're not so very entertaining."

"I know it—and I'm at my worst to-day. So," with a hopeful cadence in his voice, "you get me the hat and we'll have that little dinner some other evening."

"No dinner to-night, no hat to-day," was Daphne's ultimatum, when from somewhere in the house came the voices of Lucy and Carolyn calling to Harry.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "This thing's getting worse! They mustn't see you here."

"They?" Daphne asked. "Who are 'they?'"

"One is my sister; the other is—the other girl."

"Oh, goodness, Harry!" Daphne almost wept. "I didn't mean to get you into trouble. Hide me, hide me! Heavens! If there should be any talk about me—just when my millinery business is doing so nicely. You ought to be ashamed to allow an innocent girl to take such chances as this."

But Harry was hurrying her toward the library door. At first he had unconsciously started her toward the other one, but halted, remembering that Mrs. Blazes was there. He mutely directed her to go into the library, and then said in a hasty whisper:

"Don't pay any attention to the man in there. Just hide yourself in there a few minutes, and I'll get the girls to go back downstairs on some pretext."

As the door closed on Daphne he left the room and so he did not hear from the library the voice of the Count saying:

"Vell, py gracious! Liddle Daphne."

Nor the amazed tones of Daphne as she exclaimed:

"Why, Count! What are you doing here?"

To be continued

Marrying off Blood Royal

By Florence Burton Heartt

Illustrated with Photographs

IT was an intensely hot morning even for the tropics; but it would have taken more than that to keep us from the Moro wedding up the River, especially as there is but little diversion in Cotobato,—a unique town on the Rio Grande de Mindanao, containing not more than three hundred inhabitants, only a few of whom are Americans.

A Moro wedding! Not the everyday sort of wedding with which we are familiar, where a blushing, frightened bride walks up the aisle of a well-filled church on the arm of her father, to the strains of the Lohengrin March, and where, after the words have been said which "pronounce them man and wife", the newly-married couple walk out of the church with a tired, strained smile on their faces and a feeling of relief that it is over. No! This was to be something quite different. But what sort of ceremony would these barbaric Mohammedans have,—these primitive people whose only right is might?

Nine o'clock found us on the dock—a Constabulary officer, an interpreter and myself. The officer old in service but young in years; a man irritable from long service in the tropics, with eyes constantly on the alert as though expecting an enemy to steal up behind him and decapitate him with his deadly kris; a man unloved by the natives, believing extermination the only solution of the problem of the Moros. The interpreter, a brown, fat, little native with avaricious eyes, whose one ambition in life seemed to be to win the approbation of the "man higher up", to which end he would not hesitate to elaborate the most commonplace happening until it assumed an unrecognizable aspect. Both his attitude and his smile were servile to a degree; and his habit of nervously wringing his hands and bobbing his head when talking accentuated his efforts to please. As for myself, I had but recently arrived from the States, and had the abundance of fresh, States energy which enables one to find no end of interest in all that is new and strange in people and surroundings. My enthusiasm seemed as remarkable to those around me as all these strange customs were to me; for alas! one soon loses exuberance of spirit, and a languid inertia is the inevitable result of a prolonged stay in the Orient.

RIO GRANDE DE MINDANAO, KNOWN AS THE COTOBATO RIVER

While we were waiting for the vintas which were to take us up the river a vicious-looking crocodile dragged himself up on the opposite shore and spread himself in the sun. This dirty yellow river swarms with these reptiles, and it is not an uncommon thing to hear of natives being dragged from their boats by these hideous creatures and buried in the mud under the water; for a crocodile will never eat freshly-killed meat

A MORO (MOHOMMEDAN) CHURCH SAID TO BE SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS OLD

And now all was ready for our start up the river in the native boats, which are hollowed out of a single tree trunk. The Moros who paddled us were dressed for the most part in a single dirty cloth wrapped around their loins, and the inevitable gaily-colored turban of the Mohammedan wound around their heads,—which is about as much protection from the sun as are the banana leaves which the naked children balance on their heads to keep off the rain! In about an hour we arrived at the house of the Princessa of Cotobato, which, like all native houses, is built entirely of bamboo and thatched with leaves of the nipa palm. As we alighted from our vintas the Sultan came down to the water's edge to meet us. This man, the Sultan of Maguindanao, was at one time the most powerful chief in the Island; but with loss of wealth came loss of followers and power, and so, for state reasons, he had been married to his wealthy widowed cousin, Ragina Putry, the Princessa of Cotobato.

The Sultan was dressed in a light suit of cerise over which he wore a loose garment of dark blue, richly embroidered in gold; a turban of indescribable hues completed his costume. The slaves who surrounded him were hardly less gorgeous than the Sultan himself. He came forward with outstretched hands to greet us and invite us into the house. We ascended the steps and entered its only room. Everything seemed chaos at first, but as one studied it there appeared to be some semblance of order in the confusion. Piles of chests, three and four deep, lined one side of the room; each containing, I suppose, the entire earthly possessions of one of the individuals of the household (and there were many), while on the other side the cooking and preparation of food was going on. In the middle of the room was the Princessa's bed, or perhaps I should rather say the place where she slept; for it was only a straw petate spread on the floor, with at least fifty pillows piled upon it. Supported by poles was a dirty cotton canopy which could be let down at night. On all sides were brasses that would turn one's head,—candlesticks, trays, large covered jars in which food is kept, braziers, and many other things of wonderful design, made by the Moros and handed down in their families for many centuries.

There were at least a hundred men, women and naked children in the room; and color ran riot. Flaming red tur-

bans adorned the heads of many; in one corner was an old patriarch whose peculiarly twisted turban told one he had made the much-to-be-envied trip to Mecca. A mother in vivid blue was arranging the glossy black tresses of a young girl in dashing green. The gleaming knife which each man wore at his side struck a note of terror; but their unconcerned expressions were reassuring. Light-colored skin is a mark of beauty among the women, and our little brown sisters are not averse to using face powder on their smooth, fruit-colored skin, with ridiculous results. Some of them impress one as being really beautiful, with their long straight hair, and soft languid eyes; until they open their mouths and display a row of filed and blackened teeth.

I could not distinguish the Princessa until Captain Carew pointed to a group of women squatting on the floor beside an open window. At first they all looked alike; but I soon discovered the one who was receiving the attention of all the rest. The Princessa looked about forty years of age; but who can judge age in this country where women mature early and fade so rapidly? Her dress was the same as that of the other women, except that it was all white, and made of silk. The waist was thin and light, her brown skin showing plainly through it, and her sarong was of a beautiful heavy soft silk. The two slaves standing beside her were arrayed in gorgeous purple. Occasionally the Moros' color combinations are pleasing; but ordinarily they seem to prefer such contrasts as bright pink with flaming red, or purple, or orange.

Ragina Putry's hands are very pretty, and she moves them gracefully to display her many rings of gold and silver. Her only occupation in life seems to be opening and closing her buya boxes which are always on a tray in front of her, and selecting leaves for the wrapping of the betal nut which she chews constantly. This buya chewing is a universal custom among the Moros. The betel nut is first mixed with a lime paste, and the whole wrapped in a buya leaf. It helps to complete the process of blackening the filed teeth, which has been begun with the soot of burning cocoanut shells. Its effect is slightly stimulating; it increases the saliva and colors it a bright red, so that the floors look more like slaughter-houses than dwelling-places.

There is little expression in the Princessa's face, but she has a haughty repose and dignity of bearing which could come only through a long line of ancestral rulers. While all the others in the room seemed quite impressed with our appearance, and studied us with undisguised curiosity, the Princessa affected absolute unconcern. I gave her my sweetest smile, but she returned only a blank stare. Later the Governor told me that if I had given her a big black cigar she would have smiled quickly enough!

An antiquated settee was brought out for us, and we must have sat for two hours in that insufferably hot room with all the natives crowded around us; but,—there is always something to be thankful for,—they are quite odorless except for the cocoanut oil which they use on their hair. Now a tray of food was brought for the Princessa, and she ate very daintily of the rice and cooked bananas, dipping her fingers from time to time in a brass bowl of water. Soon the Sultan entered and squatted down upon the floor to join her in a silent meal. He ate greedily and was not in the least careful in conveying the food to his mouth. When he had filled it to its utmost capacity, he closed his eyes and rocked to and fro disposing of the food as best he could in large and noisy gulps,—a proceeding which by no means increased the attractiveness of this pox-marked man with the expression of an imbecile.

While they were eating I told a youth to ask the Princessa if she would sell me some very beautiful candlesticks which I saw in the room; for her Highness is not above selling anything at a price, and is splendid at driving a bargain. He looked quite terrified and said he would not dare speak to Ragina Putry while she was eating. Later, however, she said she

did not care to sell the candlesticks, as they had belonged to her mother; but we were successful in purchasing a huge brass tray about four feet in diameter, which is as fine a specimen of old Moro work as I have ever seen.

After the Sultan and Princessa had finished eating and picking their teeth with a long, thin, flat blade like a paper-cutter, Ragina Putry arose, draped her sarong carefully around her, and walked slowly toward the door. The royal prerogative of keeping everyone waiting is fully exercised by her Highness. The distance from the house to the boat that was waiting to take her to the wedding was only about a hundred feet; yet it took her at least half an hour to walk that short distance and settle herself among her pillows under the nipa roof in the stern of the boat, with her slaves around her. The boat was gaily decorated with flags, and it required about twenty men to paddle it. We were obliged to sit on bamboo poles on the side, as the centre of the boat was completely taken up by the musical instruments and their players, and the women who, —shall I say?—sang their two nasal tones continually. All the instruments were of brass, from the huge argum, or gong, to the smaller ones or Kulingtuns, which are arranged in a series of seven, according to size, on two parallel bamboo sticks and played by tapping the raised center with another piece of bamboo. There are several other instruments; but, judging by our standard, there is no music in all the noise they make, although the rhythm is good.

The noonday sun was pouring straight down upon us, and the heat, combined with the music, shouting, and continual saluting with guns, was almost unendurable. As we neared the house in which the wedding was to take place, Ragina Putry decided to anchor in midstream to take her daily siesta before the celebration; but we arranged to have some natives take us in vintas to the shore where we could hear the music and shouting more comfortably and see the crowd which had gathered around the house to enjoy the festivities.

THE PRINCESSA OF COTOBATO AND A FEW OF HER SLAVES

Under a tree sat the poor insignificant-looking Sultan, who had been obliged to paddle up the river in an open boat, there being no room in the Princessa's cabin for him. Seated on a stump near by was the bridegroom, a truly fine-looking youth of not more than fourteen. His face was much more intelligent than that of the average Moro; and the poor child seemed as nervous as a civilized bridegroom. Over a robe of amber-colored satin, he wore a looser garment of rose silk which hung to the ground; and his tightly twisted turban was of gold cloth. In hand he carried a brilliant pink handkerchief; and a pair of American-made tan shoes completed the startling effect. The shoes, however, were removed before the ceremony.

The bride's father greeted us with a naked baby in his arms; and a kindlier face and more delightful smile I have never seen. He invited us into the house, which was much like the Princessa's except that it contained more brass and some old Spanish furniture which had very likely been borrowed for the occasion. Naturally, we

wanted to see the bride; but she could not be persuaded to appear,—assuming great airs, which the Moros are so fond of doing. Two chests were brought out for us to sit upon, and once more we became the center of a curious crowd. It must have been three o'clock by this time, and we were not ungrateful when our host set trays of food before us, and green cocoanuts with the tops cut off so that we might drink the water. We were too famished to be particular, and scarcely realized until later how atrociously sweet and oily everything was.

It was not until long after this that the bridegroom appeared, and then there was another wait before the four priests entered. They stood quite near us, and the oldest,—a very old man,—read something from the Koran. Here the women started their monotonous singing again; and the poor bridegroom looked as though his last day had come.

At this point I looked about the room. A scrawny cat was tearing a straw petate, the daughter of Ragina Putry had taken down her long black hair and was rearranging it while her slaves prepared buya for her to chew; in one corner two men were having a very animated discussion which I feared would end in blows; but no one seemed in the least disturbed or annoyed by such details.

The priests and the bride's parents, placing their hands upon the hand of the groom, chanted some phrases to which he made responses. This was a sort of compact in which the families were swearing loyalty to each other, their children and their children's children. This part of the ceremony concluded, the bridegroom sat down while the priests walked about the room and chatted with the guests.

Another long wait which seemed truly interminable. The interpreter told us that the rest of the ceremony could not be performed until the Princessa arrived, which she seemed in no hurry to do. At last there was a general stir, and all eyes turned toward the door through which Ragina Putry was about to appear. She paused at the threshold, and surveyed, with studied unconcern, the faces of those who were assembled, to see if she had created the desired impression. Then, with her hand upon the shoulder of a slave, she advanced a few steps, her proud head held high, and a smile of satisfaction in her eyes. Once again she stopped, and yet again, to gaze into the faces of her awed subjects who seemed ready to cringe and fall at her feet at the least sign of disapproval. She stood majestically before the open window and readjusted her sarong which had become disarranged during her entrance. As she stood there, languidly drinking in the beauties of the landscape, her hand across her breast, one realized the regal power she had over her subjects. She dropped down in a delightful pose among the cushions which had been arranged for her on the floor, and played lazily with a little child while her women prepared the buya. Now the tension relaxed; a hum of voices filled the room, and the looks of awe gave way to expectant smiles.

Each guest received a lighted red candle which gave the scene a truly festive appearance. We all stood up and craned our necks; and I began to hum, mentally, "Here comes the bride, get on to her stride". But the bride didn't stride, nor glide, nor even walk into the room. Through the door toward which all eyes were turned came six men, carrying in their midst a large heavy bundle of silk which they deposited on the floor in the middle of the room, and remained kneeling around it. They were followed by six women who threw a voluminous gauze of gold and white over the bundle, arranging and rearranging it a dozen times at least. What effect they were striving for I could not determine; for it seemed always the same to me, although it was evidently a very important detail to them. At last they seemed satisfied; and as they stepped back everyone crowded around in a sort of worshipful admiration. I was speculating as to whether this was a wedding gift, an heirloom, or the bridal finery, when the bundle moved and a little brown hand slipped out. Then I realized

NOISE, BUT NOT MUSIC, IS PRODUCED BY THESE MORO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

for the first time that this must be the bride. Poor little thing! how uncomfortable she must have been, bundled up in such a position! I glanced at Capt. Carew, expecting to find the same look of amazement on his face which my own must have betrayed; but it was evidently no surprise to him, and he looked only interested.

Everyone stepped aside as the priest, leading the groom by the hand, came toward the bride, chanting in a monotone which sounded more like a funeral dirge than a wedding ceremony. The faces of all were very solemn, and, for the first time, absolute silence reigned in the house. Slowly, and with measured steps, they walked around the bride, once, twice, thrice; and then an exultant shout broke forth, each man slapping the man next to him on the shoulder, or giving him a playful shake, while even the Princessa smiled her approval. The groom retired to his seat on the box, but the little bundle did not stir again, nor did the groom make any effort to see the bride. We did not even get a peep at her,—fancy such a wedding!—for the ceremony was over, and the same men who had carried her in carried her out again. Capt. Carew said this is the custom at Moro weddings; and, worse than that, the newly married couple cannot see each other for from three days to three weeks after the ceremony, according to their caste.

We did not wait for the usual festivities which followed, but we could see the men arranging their queer musical instruments, and the women draping themselves for the dance; which reminds me of Father Crevas' description of it:—"But what dancing! Not in vain are these people our antipodes! They dance with every part of their body but their feet!"

There was much to think of as we drifted homeward in the cool of the evening. While the ceremony lacked impressiveness and sanctity in our eyes, it fitted the needs of this peculiar primitive people; and I wondered if it were any satisfaction to the bride to know that she was the first, and therefore always most to be considered of the four wives, which, according to the Koran, a man is allowed to have.

Canadium

PROBABLY THE METALLIC MISSING LINK

By John Coggswell

Illustrated from Photographs

SCIENTISTS are of the opinion that for the first time in a quarter century a new metal has been discovered. Twenty-five years ago Winkler found germanium. Since then the researches of mineralogists have failed to unearth anything new, until recently, Andrew Gordon French, conducting operations near Nelson, British Columbia, brought to the attention of the scientific world a new metal, Canadium.

Mr. French has been carrying on explorations in the vicinity of this town for some months and has made several valuable finds. Of nearly as much interest as the finding of canadium, and of probably greater commercial importance, is the discovery that a great many of the numerous igneous dykes that intersect the country are impregnated with precious metals of the platinum group.

Should these deposits prove of any great extent they will be of large industrial value since the price of platinum has risen enormously of late years, the supply being startlingly short. A great many samples from the Nelson dykes have been assayed in that city, in New York and in London, and some show values above $30 per ton while many others are quite good enough to pay for working.

At the present period of research, the chief value lies in iridium, the most generally distributed metal of the group, which has a value of $55.00 to $70.00 per ounce. It is largely used for alloying with platinum to render the latter more infusible and harder and therefore more durable. In other platinum-producing countries, iridium has been found to be scarcer than platinum. As a result, the price of the former should not be so subject to downward variations.

ANDREW GORDON FRENCH
Discoverer of the new metal, Canadium

But as valuable in dollars and cents as the discovery of the iridium seems to be, scientists are paying small attention to it as compared with the interest they are showing in the newly found metal. Mr. French has made the following statement regarding the proprieties of canadium: "Its properties have been only partially investigated as yet and little can be done now until the snow is off the ground and a sufficient quantity can be got to supply the needs of the chemists who have the subject in hand. The metal is of a brilliant white color and does not tarnish like silver when exposed to sulphurous gases. It takes on a highly polished surface and should for that reason be very serviceable for reflectors of astronomical instruments, gem settings, etc."

"Its physical and chemical properties are interesting," says a chemist

NELSON, B. C., NEAR WHICH ARE THE MINES WHERE CANADIUM WAS DISCOVERED

GRANITE POORMAN MINE WHERE CANADIUM WAS DISCOVERED

who has investigated the new metal. "It has a brilliant white luster, does not oxidize in the oxidizing flames of the blow-pipe, melts at a little lower temperature than silver and gold and is somewhat softer than platinum. From a chemical standpoint it is electro-negative to silver, is precipitated from its solution by zinc and may be separated from lead by cupellation. It is easily soluble in hydrochloric and nitric acids and is not precipitated by chlorides or iodides. It does not tarnish in damp air, sulphurated hydrogen or alkaline sulphides.

"This somewhat extraordinary combination of properties is one that leaves little doubt as to the genuineness of the find and raises questions of very great interest as to the character and position of the new metal. Its easy solubility separates it from the known metals which generally accompany platinum and its melting point is at least 500 degrees C. below that of any of the platinum group. Sufficient data are not at hand to locate it definitely among the metals, but the possibilities are somewhat sensational."

One of the most impressive potentialities of canadium is that it may prove to be the "missing link" of the mineral world. Years ago Mendeleeff worked out a table of metals. Between gold and silver, he decided, there must be a metal then undiscovered. He went so far as to assign to the missing metal the properties that it should possess. These properties are strikingly like those attributed to canadium. For the time being all that the scientific world can do is to wonder and work over the meagre information in its possession. But interesting reports are promised when the new-comer's salts are formed and analyzed.

The finding of canadium and the new deposit of platinums was a matter of pure chance. When Mr. French commenced his explorations in the vicinity of Nelson, he had no idea that he was to make any startling discoveries. He was employed in solving some of the problems with which the mining companies of that section of British Columbia are concerned and while pursuing his investigations simply happened to make the finds.

Another discovery, interesting to those who combine the study of geology with the seizing of business opportunities, is that many of the igneous dykes carry the much valued peridote gem. Some of these are of a very pure and rich green color, but whether or not they are in sufficient quantity to pay for mining remains to be seen.

Regarding another commercial asset of the Nelson district, Mr. French says: "The granite rocks in which the intrusive dykes occur are generally very much laminated, forming broad sheets of great extent, which are of a very suitable thickness for building purposes. This lamination or false-bedding occurs generally near the walls of the dykes and is probably the result of great pressure due to 'earth movements' along the line of the dykes as an axis of least resistance. This laminated granite is being quarried at points along the Canadian Pacific railroads, but only to a limited extent."

THE BEGGAR

BY CY WARMAN

OUT of the wealth of your womanly charms,
Give me whatever your heart can give;
Give me your eyes or your lips or your arms;
Teach me the life that the live ones live.
But whether you do *not*, or whether you *do*,
Here is a lyric, my love, to you.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

Robert Boynton and Tilly Crocroft, aged respectively thirty-three and twenty-six, and mutually antagonistic, have a common relative in Miss Elvira Higginbotham, who takes particular pleasure in stirring up ill feeling between the two. Because of hints dropped by her in regard to the disposition of her fortune, both the young people hesitate to disregard openly her whims and fancies. Tilly is summoned one morning to the office of her aunt's lawyer, Mr. Mackay, where she finds Boynton also. The lawyer informs them that their aunt proposes to turn over to them the bulk of her fortune on condition that Robert immediately marry Tilly, and that they live, to all appearances, happily together for one year. If at the end of that period, they mutually desire to separate, and thereby forfeit forever the fortune, they are at liberty to do so. Robert and Tilly both revolt from this act of maliciousness, but they are not permitted either to refuse or accept until three days have elapsed. During that time neither must confer with the other and their respective answers to the proposition are to be given only in the presence of the lawyer or Miss Higginbotham. Meeting again in the attorney's office, to Aunt Elvira's momentous question, Tilly murmurs, "yes,—I can stand it if you can."

"Good," said Robert, without enthusiasm, yet almost cheerfully, "My very words, I assure you, dear Aunt! Now, it seems compatible with all the rest of this strange affair, that you should have a parson, handy—say up your sleeve." He was getting diabolically sarcastic, and Tilly fancied she could see an answering glitter in Aunt Elvira's watery eyes.

"It is not possible," Robert continued, "that you have forgotten we need a parson?"

"I never forget anything really important," snapped Miss Higginbotham, "I have the parson handy enough! Mackay, there, has the license (all fools and dogs need them, you know) and I have even provided the ring." She turned to Mr. Mackay, simpering. "These impatient bridegrooms are apt to be *so* forgetful!" Robert set his teeth but did not answer.

"Let us go! Here, Mackay, give me your arm, these wretched steps of yours will be the death of me, yet. And mind you, I have made no mention of you in my will, in the event of any such calamity. Go on, my turtle-doves, go on! Isn't it sweetly touching to see such abject devotion?" she inquired of the old solicitor. "There they stand, waiting for their dear old auntie—they can't bear to be separated from each other though, even now. La, la! 'Tis love's young dream!"

Boynton looked furtively at his companion as they walked ahead of the others. That she was suffering, there was no doubt, either at Aunt Elvira's jibes or at the realization of the step she was about to take. An instant's pity surged over him and he spoke to her, softly.

"Are you sure you meant 'yes', Tilly? It is not too late, even now—and—and—*don't* mind me."

"It is not *you* I'm minding, now—it's her villainy—the snake! I'll comfort you, a little, Robert," she said, raising her head and looking at him, with a miserable little smile, "I could *never*, never, equal that. You can, at least, know that you have seen me at my worst!"

And Robert did not say "I hope so."

The wedding—what a mockery! Aunt Elvira's audible asides to Mr.

Mackay, the well-meaning clergyman's fatuous words of congratulation and advice; Robert, silent and unfathomable, Tilly, fretted to the point of hysteria—could she never get away from them and cry?

It seemed not. Aunt Elvira insisted upon providing the "wedding breakfast", of which she and Mr. Mackay partook most generously, but which the other two left untasted upon their plates.

"Living on love," commented the spinster, loud enough for other persons to hear. "They have been like this since childhood, but I should have thought that *to-day*—Bring me a bag of rice, waiter, a large one!"

Tilly indignantly protested; she lost all self-control and between sobs and hysterical giggles, she begged her aunt to show a little mercy, and allow her to go home to pack what few things she needed for her "honeymoon."

Even this was denied.

"Oh, the dear, shy, creature," Miss Higginbotham tittered, making a coy pass with her hand at Tilly—"She won't even spend a few hours with her poor old auntie, but longs to have Robert at once and forever, all to herself! Fie, you naughty, selfish girl, Fie!"

Robert put his serviette to his lips and whispered,

"Get yourself together, *please*! She is enjoying herself too much, by half. It will soon be over."

So Tilly pulled herself together as well as she could, rigidly suffering her aunt to shower her with rice on the station platform.

"Your luggage will be sent to you," called the spinster, spitefully, "four trunks to Washington, three to Savannah, and the rest will go on to Palm Beach. In the meantime you can get what you need to-night in Philadelphia. Good-bye, my loves, good-bye,"she cried, kissing her hand, "write to me every day."

They closed the drawing-room door and sat down facing each other, in silence. The train took them a few miles from Miss Higginbotham, and the muscles in Tilly's ashen face relaxed ever so little.

"Isn't it *awful?*" she breathed.

"Horrible," agreed Robert, fervently. "I am going into the smoker for the rest of the time. Oh, yes, here is some money;" he counted over a roll of bills Mr. Mackay had given him before leaving, "this is half."

Tilly's fingers closed round them, eagerly.

"Is it really mine? I can hardly believe it—and when may I have more, Robert? Do you suppose there is anything else to the plot?"

"You may have more as soon as I can get a check cashed,"he answered, laughing a little in spite of himself at her greed. "The other question—time alone will tell."

She smiled a little too, and said apologetically,

"You see I want *so* many things—and Robert—"

"Yes?"

"Don't let us *ever* walk."

"No."

"And Robert?"

"Well?"

"Let's *always* have grape-fruit for breakfast."

"All right."

"And Robert, just one more thing—"

"Yes?"

"Let's always have rooms with a bath."

"Of course."

Tilly sighed. These things represented the acme of luxury and happiness—they were the things she always had longed for.

"That's all."

Eight months slipped, quickly, by The Boyntons took a handsome house for the year, and Tilly was happier than she had ever been. Robert, too, enjoyed life sufficiently to entertain no harsh sentiments toward either Aunt Elvira or his wife.

According to instructions, they lived as a model couple, going out together, staying home together, entertaining each other's friends and making it a point to be seldom alone.

Even the servants had no food for gossip, and Mr. Mackay, on his quarterly calls, was rather puzzled by their attitude toward one another. He did

TILLY RIGIDLY SUFFERED HER AUNT TO SHOWER HER WITH RICE

not give, therefore, very lucid or satisfactory accounts of the "turtledoves" to Miss Elvira, who had betaken herself to Europe soon after the happy event.

Strangely, since that memorable day, Robert and Tilly had never quarrelled.

They each set diligently to work, to enjoy themselves, and the position they held as Miss Higginbotham's heirs, differed vastly from that they had enjoyed as her poor and despised relations.

They took real pleasure in going out together, although hardly conscious of this fact, themselves, and it did not take long to discover that some charm not patent to *them* was decidedly obvious to outsiders. Tilly noted how eagerly the women and girls made a bid for Robert's society, how the men made a place for him and sought him. She compared him with others and did not find him wanting.

Robert was pleased to see how easily Tilly took her place in "society"; how popular she was, both with men and women, how regally she wore the Higginbotham jewels, which were a part of the legacy. She never overstepped his prescribed boundary between luxury and ostentation, and he was proud of her. They had never discussed the future, the "what-to-do" at the end of the year, until—

"Heavens, what a pile of cards," cried Tilly, moving to her place at the breakfast table, with an easy grace, which Robert's fastidious eye noted, even while he seemed buried in the morning papers. "I don't know where to begin!"

She poured herself a cup of cocoa, and rang the bell.

"Katie, tell the cook that I shall be

out to luncheon every day this week, and Mr. Boynton and I will dine at home on—er—let me see, yes— on Friday."

Robert whistled.

"You are including me?"

"*They* are including you," corrected Tilly, smiling—"Why—don't you want to go?"

"Yes"—he answered slowly, "only I was thinking—"

"What?"

"I was thinking, Tilly, that we are well on in the eighth month of this quasi-paradise, and we ought to have a 'quiet evening at home', to discuss the aftermath, as it were. Don't you think so?"

She crumbled up a bit of toast.

"What do you want to discuss? To go on, or not to go, that's the question. Whether it is nobler to spend Aunt Elvira's ducats and suffer the slings and arrows of each other's presence, or to take to arms and wits against a sea of troubles, and battle once more in the lines of bread winners in the busy mart? Well?"

Before Robert could speak, a telegram was brought in and handed to his wife.

The atmosphere of the room changed, and they looked at each other blankly.

"What can it mean?" asked Tilly, weakly, "I know it is from *her*."

"Maybe she is dead," suggested Robert, cheerfully. "Let's gamble on it."

Tilly laughed nervously and slipped her finger under the corner of the envelope.

"Come and see too," she said, "I can't stand the shock alone."

So Robert laid his papers down and seated himself on the arm of his wife's chair, bending close over her chestnut head that he might read the message with her.

It was thus that Katie found them and it was thus they read the words—

"Will be with you almost immediately. An anniversary surprise. Auntie."

They stared at each other, speechless; the bottom seemed to have fallen out of things, and to each one rose visions of wrangling days and sleepless nights and Aunt Elvira sharing *their* home with them. Aunt Elvira coming!

"*Can* she mean to pay us a visit?" asked Tilly, at last.

"Evidently," answered Robert, "she does. The old dear!"

"She will simply spoil everything," said the girl putting her handkerchief to her eyes,—"I hate her!"

"Have you been happy—without her?" The question came hesitatingly.

Tilly nodded, vehemently.

"Happier than I ever hoped to be—I only dreamed of—of—such as this, and I want to be happy some more."

It never occurred to either of them to regard Aunt Elvira as other than an enemy. Many years of gross insults and impish pranks which hurt, had, of necessity, bred in them a wholesome hatred of her, and any feeling of gratitude for this boon she granted them was strangled by suspicion as to her motives. They felt they were but puppets and that she would profit by the move in some way.

In that instant Bob Boynton had a queer sensation. He felt an impulse to put his hand on the bowed head so near his shoulder, and whisper a word of comfort to his wife. Also in that instant he had an inspiration.

"You shall be happy, Tilly girl," he said with that calm assurance, which, in the olden days, used to irritate her so, but now had quite the opposite effect. "I have a noble scheme in mind by which we may baffle the old cat. She is coming here with every idea of setting us on edge and watching us pull each other's hair, but listen—" He bent over the chestnut head and whispered for a few minutes, echoing the laugh which Tilly seemed to enjoy. At last he raised himself to look at her.

"Will you do it?" he asked.

Can imagination conjure up a blush, or did Tilly's cheeks really grow pink as she answered, smiling,

"I will try."

A harsh voice sounded in the hall, doors slammed—

"'The curse has come upon us, cried the lady of Shalott'", whispered Tilly, linking her arm in her husband's and going forward.

Their greeting of Aunt Elvira was

everything that could be desired. They hovered over her, took her wraps, made her come in to the table and have more breakfast, all the while talking so fast to her and to each other that the old lady's head swam uncomfortably. She had not time to think of her own campaign.

Looking keenly at them, she wondered if this were really Tilly Crocroft—radiant, happy woman! *Could* it be the plain, shabby, ill-tempered Tilly she had left nearly a year before? And Robert, her pet detestation—Robert with a neat and abundant suit of hair, which certainly had the appearance of growing on his head!

She opened her lips to say something about turtledoves, versus Kilkenny cats, but lost her breath entirely when Robert arose, and going to Tilly's side bent over her and kissed her fondly, saying, "You had better countermand your orders, darling, and look over those invitations again, will you? Anything the dear old Auntie would enjoy, we'll accept, and the others—may go hang. Expect me home to lunch, as usual, dearest, *early*. Good-bye." He kissed her again and was gone.

Tilly had risen and stood for a few moments motionless. She rubbed the back of her hand slowly across her lips, and smiled—How queer, that she had not shrunk away from Robert's caresses—had she looked in the direction of her aunt, she would have laughed outright.

Miss Higginbotham, with all her Satanic powers, could not know that Robert Boynton had kissed his wife, in her presence, for the *first* time, and that Tilly did not mind.

Robert smiled too, as he walked down town, a slow whimsical, quizzical smile. Somehow it had not been hard to kiss Tilly. He had liked it all the more because for an instant he had held a yielding form against his own, instead of the tense and rigid one he had half expected. And when luncheon was over, and the operation repeated (really a very unnecessary number of times) he began to be glad, on the whole, that Aunt Elvira had come.

ROBERT MURMURED A SINCERE "BRAVO" AND KISSED HER FULL UPON THE LIPS

He found himself taking pleasure in thinking up endearing names for Tilly, and once or twice, when the spinster was not present, he forgot and used them just the same. And he wondered just how much she enjoyed the aunt's discomfiture and how much she liked—him.

They rushed their guest both day and night; they dined and wined her; they took her to the theatre and to supper; they dragged her to receptions and cornered her with people she hated; they made her get up early to enjoy the beauties of the country in their new motor; they laughed when she called them turtle-doves and their home the Dove-Cote. She was hugged and kissed by them indiscriminately, when they were not kissing each other, until her dwarfed and shrivelled soul revolted, and she longed to be rid of them forever. On the whole Aunt Elvira saw, with infinite chagrin, that for once, her judgment was at fault, and she had erred.

Conscript fathers! What pleasure could she drag from dull, prosaic life,

now there was to be no more wrangling! How she had loved to see them spit and hiss!

At the end of her third week with them the Boyntons declared that they were surfeited with gaiety and announced their intention of spending an evening at home and having dear Auntie all to themselves. Aunt Elvira protested, but they were firm.

If they had been happy before, their joy now increased tenfold; their revenge was sw eeter than they had dared dream.

Tilly sat at the piano. The soft glow of a shaded lamp fell on her bare neck and shoulders, and Robert who leaned against a nearby chair and watched her, thought he had never seen anything half so lovely. Presently she began to hum the air of an old song—a favorite of his in days gone by and one over which they had quarrelled, she claiming a loathing of it. Their eyes met, and smiling, she sang the whole thing through in a sweet, though untrained, contralto. When the last notes died away Robert murmured a sincere "Bravo" and taking her impulsively in his arms, he kissed her full upon the lips.

Aunt Elvira, sitting neglected and forgotten, in a far corner of the room, started indignantly to her feet.

"I won't stand it another hour!" she exclaimed, angrily, "Not a minute! You two are positively disgusting with this eternal mooning and slushing!" (Miss Elvira was often more forcible than elegant.) "I shall leave the house at once, and go to a hotel. Order me a cab, please, if you can stir far enough from her to reach the telephone."

"Why, Auntie," cried the other two, guiltily, "please don't go. It *is* stupid of us to be so silly. Come, we'll have a game of cribbage, you always *did* love cribbage, didn't you?" asked Robert, pinching Tilly's arm.

"He's reached the age of tottering senility," snorted the Aunt. "I always detested cards. Come now, the cab; or would you have me walk?"

The cab was ordered. It arrived, and departed with its raging burden, who would send for her things in the morning and who would see her relatives when *she* got ready—and then separately.

As the door closed and the noise of the departing wheels grew fainter, Boynton turned to his wife and smiled.

"Shall we discuss the aftermath," he inquired softly. "To go on, or——"

"Please don't, Robert!"

"Tell me, are you glad she's gone, Tilly dear?"

"I am glad she came," replied the the girl, and somehow Robert took that for a satisfactory answer. He gathered her to himself again, and whispered,

"Then it is all decided, now, forever—because—because—I love you, Tilly darling."

There was silence for a moment, then she said,

"You blessed old Bobbie!"

THE TALISMAN

BY T. A. DALY

YOU are so brave, so loyal and so true,
I should be worse than craven did I fail
To make the last long kiss I had from you
My knightly sword and shield and triple mail.

English versus American Theatres

By Currie Love

Illustrated from Photographs

DID YOU ever hear an expatriated Englishman talk about the "theatres at home? 'Way above the houses over here, ever so much better acting and cheaper. My word, you can hear grand opera for sixpence!"

Next time he does it, laugh superciliously, and look superior. Once you've been to England, they can never again fool you with that story. Every time you enter an English theatre, you take your life in your hands. Heaven knows what the theatre managers pay to the town council for immunity from prosecution, but certain it is they all have houses that are veritable firetraps. The "orchestra stalls," which we call the "pit," and which are the most expensive seats, costing 10s 6d ($2.50) each, are the most impossible from which to make an exit, since they are usually below the street level, and you find your way to them by a long, involved system of staircases. England needs some terrible disaster like the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, to awaken it to the real peril of its badly planned theatres.

As to the cheapness of its seats, don't you ever believe it. Grand opera in the best seats costs $5.00 a ticket, just as it does on this side. True, you can sit in the top gallery for fifty cents, where grand opera from the top of the house usually costs a dollar in Canada, but the best seats are quite as expensive, and often more so. For instance, for the ordinary musical comedy in America $1.50 is charged for the best seat in the house. In London, $2.50 is the fixed rate, and there is no departure from that price. You hear a great deal about the cheapness of the "pit," which, in English theatres, consists of the last twelve rows on the ground floor, under the gallery. There you pay 2s 6d to sit on an ordinary wooden bench. You see and hear very badly, and they allow people to stand at the back during a whole performance, thereby increasing the danger from fire.

London theatres, too, have all sorts of petty graft. For instance, every theatre charges sixpence for a programme. The pretty girl who ushers you to your seat (all the English theatres have girl ushers) says, "Programme, sir?" and you reluctantly separate yourself from the necessary coin in order to see what the play is all about. And is it an extraordinarily beautiful programme? No, indeed, it is just like any ordinary theatre programme, and it is usually filled with advertisements, which more than pay for its printing. Sixpence, too, is the price you pay to check your hat and coat, but after one experience of an English theatre, you don't check your coat. Not you, lest you wish to freeze to death, for the heating system of the English theatre is as inadequate as the heating system of an English house, and you couldn't say anything much worse than that.

When you buy your seats for any attraction, too, you are once more up against a graft system. If you apply at a box office, no theatre has anything to sell, except after the performance has started. You must buy your seats at what is called a "theatrical booking office," and there you are charged a shilling extra for each seat you buy. Therefore, your $2.50 seat costs you $2.75. They're very fussy, too, about how you dress for the show over there. If you occupy an orchestra stall, you are supposed to wear evening dress, and as, of course, you would never dare to go in a bus in evening dress, you take a

taxi. If you want to take the only girl and do "it right," your little evening at the theatre is apt to cost you from $10.00 to $15.00, just about as much as in America.

If the girl wears a hat, she is asked to remove it before she takes her seat. I once heard a daring American girl say, "But of course I'll take off my hat when I sit down".

"You will remove your hat now, Madam," said the glacial voice of the girl usher, and the American girl, after a hopeless glance into the steely eyes of the aforesaid girl usher, despairingly handed her muff, handbag and opera glasses to her patient escort, removed three weapons of destruction, and meekly carried the plumed monstrosity she called a hat down the aisle before the well-bred stares of perfectly-coiffured, bare-shouldered Englishwomen.

And the acting? There I admit they have us. Not in the quality of their stars, but in the perfection of minor details. The smallest "bit" in an English play is perfectly done. Each actor or actress is the best possible for that part. One reason for that is, of course, the cheapness of all labor in England. In America, the man who can do a small bit perfectly demands a salary of from $75.00 to $100.00 a week. In England he is considered lucky to get from $25.00 to $50.00 a week. It costs him less to dress his part well and he is often the younger son of an aristocratic family, who graduates to the stage from amateur theatricals because the paternal allowance is far too small for the life of the man-about-town. Many of the stage women, too, are drawn from the upper classes. It may be for this reason that one of the chief charms of an English theatre is the delight to one's ears of the educated English voices, the perfectly modulated tones of which have the most beautiful accent in the world. It may also be for this reason that the English actress in a good dramatic company looks like a gentlewoman, not like a cocotte, and the English actor like a gentleman, not like a waiter in dress clothes.

Scenic effects are also perfectly done in London. Every smallest detail is correct. There are immense stores from which to draw, and the English stage manager sticks at nothing in his desire to get the proper effects.

To turn to English plays: This season was remarkable for four absolute novelties, "Sumurun," the wonderful pantomime which delighted Berlin and London, and which is now attracting large audiences in New York; "Kismet," in which Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton scored tremendous personal hits, and which Otis Skinner is finding one of the best vehicles of his career in New York; "The Miracle," a stupendous spectacle, staged by that wizard of stagecraft, Professor Max Reinhardt; and a two weeks' production of "Oedipus Rex" at Covent Garden, also staged by Reinhardt, in which Martin Harvey and Lillah McCarthy did notable work.

"Sumurun" tells a story of love and greed, hatred and revenge, the world-old problem of a woman and two men, but tells it without words. Wonderful acting alone can make this sort of work possible, and this the play received, practically all the original cast being transferred from place to place with the play.

"Kismet" is quite the most unique production ever seen in England. Oriental in plot and scenery, the action of the plot takes place in twenty-four hours. Hajj, the beggar, sits at the door of the temple beseeching "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms". An ancient enemy of his, who has become rich, comes from the temple and Hajj curses him in picturesque Oriental tongue. The enemy throws him a purse of gold in the effort to stop the flow of curses. Hajj betakes himself to the market place to buy new raiment for himself and his daughter, Marsinah (Lily Brayton). Here is a wonderful market scene, carried out with a perfection of Oriental detail almost startling. But Hajj cannot overcome old habits; he starts two rival merchants wrangling, and escapes with his garments. Followed and captured, he is dragged before the Grand Wazir, who spares his life on condition that he kill the Caliph, promising him honors and protection in return for the murder.

OTIS SKINNER WHO IS FINDING ONE OF THE BEST VEHICLES OF HIS CAREER IN "KISMET" ON THIS SIDE THE ATLANTIC

The attempt fails, and Hajj is cast into prison, the Wazir disclaiming all knowledge of the beggar. Another man who is put into the same cell, is afterwards pardoned, so Hajj kills him and in a bold impersonation, makes his escape. Returning to the Grand Wazir's palace, he kills the man who had failed to give him the promised protection, and then discovers the Caliph is to marry Marsinah. The Caliph pardons his future father-in-law but banishes him from the country, and night finds Hajj on the stone in front of the temple, waiting for the dawn that he may wend his way from the kingdom. He has run the gamut of emotions in the short space of one day. The whole production is mounted with Oriental magnificence, but scenic splendor does not mean the sacrifice of the story, as so often happens. Oscar Asche does excellent work as Hajj, and Lily Brayton, who is Mrs. Asche in private life, is a charming Marsinah.

"The Miracle" has drawn a storm of opposing views, though everyone agrees it is a wonderful spectacle. It is a religious drama, the story of which is too long to give here. Catholics say it

is one of the few plays in which the Madonna is introduced without offending the Catholic mind, and they find it most inspiring. Protestants say it is beautiful, but it gives them no thrill. The point of unity is that it has placed Professor Reinhardt before the public eye as the greatest master of stagecraft England has ever known.

"Oedipus Rex," also staged by Professor Reinhardt, has assisted that belief. Given in one setting, outside the Palace gates, the whole action takes place in front of the curtain, as it were. The Theban mob rushes in from the back of the theatre, the old men of the Grecian conference hobble in, leaning on their staffs, the women, in their Grecian robes, their hair bound with fillets, join the picturesque multitude, and of all stage crowds ever seen, this was the best-managed and directed. The lighting of each scene was beautiful and impressive. Martin Harvey's art as the King of Thebes was sure and convincing. His beautiful voice lent itself admirably to his tragic role, and his agony when the terrible tragedy of his unfortunate birth was revealed to him, left few dry eyes in the house. Lillah McCarthy, beautiful and queenly as Jocasta, the mother-consort, played her unhappy role perfectly. One had the creeps for days after seeing the tragedy, and it is no wonder it was put on for only two weeks.

Perhaps the most interesting venture of the season was Oscar Hammerstein's attempt to rival Covent Garden with the London Opera House. A magnificent building, the exterior of gray stone, the interior a fairyland of old rose and ivory, the venture has not yet been financially successful. The conservative British public goes once to see what this new opera house is like, but returns to dingy Covent Garden to hear its old favorites. With one exception. Whenever Felice Lyne, the little Kansas City girl, is to sing, the place is jammed. This slim little woman conquered London in a night. She sang Gilda in "Rigoletto," and woke to find herself famous. Never since Patti has an individual singer won such an ovation on her first appearance. Her slender body, her exquisite fresh tones and her sparkling face have made her easily the first singer in England to-day. Hammerstein discovered her, tied her with a long contract at low terms, and is now reaping the harvest of his managerial shrewdness. Incidentally, he is working little Miss Lyne overtime in his effort to keep his opera house open at a profit. Finally, he issued an ultimatum in the shape of an interview with the London papers, that if he did not receive a subscription list of people who would regularly patronize the opera, he would be compelled to close the house or turn it into a music-hall and restaurant. Time alone will tell whether he will be compelled to carry out this awful threat, but it will be a very great pity if the beautiful building is to be converted to such uses.

London has gone mad over dancing. Pavlova, Napierkowska, Kyasht, each draws her own clientele, and every music hall considers the programme incomplete without at least one dancing act. The Empire and the Alhambra often have two or three in addition to the usual ballet. Covent Garden had the Russian ballet this season. The Alhambra was scoring with a quaint ballet called "1830," in which Fraulein Poldi Muller, a German, was the premiere danseuse. The Empire, which sorely misses the fairylike Genee, has a typical old-fashioned ballet, in which all the dancers wear the regulation short, fluffy tarlatan skirts, with Lydia Kyasht in Genee's place. Napierkowska was delighting "Palace" audiences with a series of daring and original dances done in a very undraped fashion. Incidentally, one must go to staid, prudish Britain to see the undraped form divine upon the stage. Costumes, or rather lack of costumes, which would be not tolerated on this side the water, are apparently quite unnoticed in London.

Of farce comedies, "The Glad Eye," at the Globe Theatre, was the most popular. A rollicking adaptation of the French "Le Zebre," with Lawrence Grossmith as the leading man, and the typically French theme of the husband who wanted to escape his too-loving wife and go to Paris for a "time," with consequent complications, it filled three

THE RUSSIAN DANCER, PAVLOVA, AND MIKAIL MORDKIN

acts with innocuous fun. It gave way at Christmas to a dramatization of Anstey's novel, "Vice Versa," in which a college boy and his father change bodies, by means of a wishing stone. As a holiday production, the play was amusing and filled its purpose.

Christmas brought out a host of productions for children, chief among which was a revival of the ever-delightful "Peter Pan," in which Pauline Chase as Peter, and Hilda Trevelyan as Wendy, are as charming as ever. It is said that Miss Chase is immortalized in English dramatic history by her performance of Barrie's delightful boy who wouldn't grow up. "The Blue Bird" was given a splendid rendition, and the Drury Lane pantomime this season was "Hop o' My Thumb," in which tiny Renee Mayer was an ideal "Hop," and Violet Loraine, as the principal boy, gave evident and charming reasons for her

A MIRTH PROVOKER.—MISS CONNIE EDISS, WHO HAS BEEN THE ONLY REDEEMING FEATURE IN "PEGGY"

selection. George Graves, Will Evans and Barry Lupino all had parts suited to their style of humor, and the English public who would consider themselves cheated without their annual "panto," were satisfied.

In musical comedies, "The Count of Luxembourg," by Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame, was easily first. Daisie Irving, a newcomer, with twice Lily Elsie's voice and half her charm, was taking the place of that charming little artiste, who has, like Edna May, disappointed innumerable English admirers by marrying and leaving the stage. W. H. Berry and Huntley Wright supplied the comedy.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Whose "Man and Superman" has drawn packed houses during the winter

"Peggy," the Gaiety offering, was noteworthy solely for pretty girls, and was redeemed from absolute hopelessness by Miss Connie Ediss, whose brilliant red hair, abundant avoirdupois and funny, cracked voice were as mirth-provoking as ever. Edmund Payne struggled bravely to be amusing and succeeded in being boring.

Constance Drever, in "The Chocolate Soldier," scored a great hit, and was again put forward as the prima donna of "The Nightbirds," used on this side by Fritzi Scheff. In its first week it was very bad, but doubtless time and work will smooth down the rough places and make it more satisfactory. The "Quaker Girl," with Joseph Coyne and Gertie Millar, and "The Mousme," a dainty Japanese operetta, with Florence Smithson in the name part, were delighting big houses and bidding fair to run all season. An English version of "Orphee aux Enfers," called "Orpheus in the Underground," was tiresome at His Majesty's.

This succeeded a really noteworthy production at the same theatre, of "Macbeth," one of Sir Herbert Tree's annual Shakesperean productions, in which he gives such excellent investiture and acting. Tree himself played Macbeth, Violet Vanbrugh, as Lady Macbeth, gave an excellent and original interpretation of that ordinarily overranted part, Lady Macbeth, and Arthur Bourchier was a vigorous Macduff.

Except for the production of "Romeo and Juliet"—put on by Fred Terry to give his daughter, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, an opportunity to do some serious work as Juliet—this was really the only serious dramatic production of the season in England. Sir George Alexander and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were winning laurels in a dramatization

of Hichens' novel, "Bella Donna"; Charles Hawtrey, the English John Drew, had superseded "The Uninvited Guest" with his comedy success, "A Message From Mars"; Cyril Maude and Alexandra Carlisle were scoring in a charming comedy called "Dad," an adaptation from the French; Marie Tempest was meeting with indifferent success in Arnold Bennett's play, "The Honeymoon"; Julia Neilson and Fred Terry had revived "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and Sir John Hare and Marie Lohr had a slender comedy called "The Marionettes," which Nazimova is doing in America.

George Bernard Shaw is the only native playwright meeting with absolute success. "Man and Superman" and "Fanny's First Play" are filling packed houses even after long runs. This must give "G. B. S." heart failure when he considers his cynical diatribes on the British national taste.

Certainly England needs a playwright. Revivals and adaptations were the order of the day this season, and when one considers the host of aspiring playwrights coming to the front on this side the water, perhaps it will not be too long before we shall send plays to England in as great numbers as they have hitherto sent plays to us.

MASTER AND MAN

BY B. M. HECHT

THE Captain stood where a Captain should,
For the law of the sea is grim;
The Owner romped ere his ship was swamped
And no law bothered him.

The Captain stood where the Captain should,
When a Captain's boat goes down;
But the Owner led when the women fled,
For an Owner must not drown.

The Captain sank as a man of rank,
While the Owner turned away;
The Captain's grave was his bridge and, brave,
He earned his seaman's pay.

To hold your place in the ghastly face
Of Death on the sea at night,
Is a seaman's job, but to flee with the mob
Is an Owner's noble right.

The Barred Acres

By R. H. Davis

Illustrated by Bradley W. Evits

I DO NOT know a single well-authenticated ghost story. Besides, ghost-stories are the poorest prentice-work in literature, if we tell the truth about them. They always fall stale and flat, no matter how we have worked ourselves up to a quake and shiver in the hearing. The ghost turns out to be some uninteresting dead ancestor, whose only claim to notice in the world was the manner of his leaving it, and who stupidly persists in hanging about the place where he was unpleasantly put an end to; or else he turns out to be no ghost at all, but a mere matter-of-fact, or a bit of science of which the narrator was in haste to be delivered.

No; I have no ghost stories for you. Out West, however, where some of the old settlers yet linger, and the language and habits of thought retain much of the strong, racy flavor of the early pioneer days, there may yet be found remnants of strange traditions and superstitions, which have never found their way into books, but which in any other country would have been carefully guarded as folk-lore, out of which the germs of national creeds and customs might be defined. Many of these superstitions, in their relentless fatalism, betray their Indian origin.

One of the most inexplicable of these superstitions was brought to my notice in a curious manner some thirty years ago. In company with Wycherley (Joseph B. Wycherley, of ———), I had been beating about Western ——— for one or two weeks. Joe and I had a little money to invest, and fancied something could be done in coal; we preferred, however, to examine the lay of the different veins ourselves, rather than trust to agencies. At the same time, we took our summer vacation.

At - - - - we met Judge Prentice, with whom I had but a slight acquaintance, but who was an old friend of Wycherley. He was just returning from an unsuccessful hunt on the prairies, and as a month was yet to elapse before the fall term of court, joined us with little persuasion. I must confess that he did not add to the pleasure of our idle journey. He was growing old, and meeting old age apparently with a secret bitter cynicism and rage against life. Too well-bred to express it in words, it was yet plain that this secret discontent inspired an outward ill-temper; he had a perpetual pettish grudge against the weather, against his companions, against himself.

"Your friend, Prentice, is a constant surprise to me," I said to Wycherley. "I met him eight or ten years ago, and he was then a rational, genial fellow."

"Prentice has had one or two rough turns," said Joe. "A more cool-headed, unfeeling man, perhaps, would have borne them with more philosophy. The judge was a domestic man, cared little for anything apart from his own fireside. His wife died first; then all his interest in life centered on his boy, and he disappointed him."

"Dissipated?"

"No; Tom wasn't dissipated, unless you call a man so who is drunken with a thirst for adventure. His father had a place and business ready for him, when the young man shipped on a whaler; came back after a year or two, and married some mechanic's daughter. That was the unforgivable trespass. Crime, the old man might overlook, but vulgarity—never! Though the girl, I've heard, was pretty and sensible, and bade fair to bring Tom out of the slough. But Prentice never would see either of them. They went to Texas or

California, I believe; and the old man has been alone ever since. He grows more soured and discontented every year. If it wasn't for his gunning and fishing, I don't know what he'd do to make life endurable. By the way, he talks about buying some land hereabouts for summer shooting. We were looking at one of these islands in the river. There's an advertisement of it here."

We were in the cabin which served as country store, post-office, and magistrate's office at the time, and Wycherley walked over to the wall, on which were tacked the dirty-written placards of Lost Saddles, Cows Strayed and Stolen, and Land for Sale. One of these last, so yellow and faded as hardly to be legible, he fixed upon, and read aloud:

"'All that certain lot and parcel of ground'—Umph! 'Seventy-five acres! Timber, oak, hickory, beech'—Umph! 'Above highest water-mark. Forty acres best pasturage in the county.' Why the land is going for a song! Price is given—one-tenth what they ask for the poorest sheep pasturage about here. By all means, Prentice should secure it. 'Shooting-lodge for two or three years. Sell—double his money. Arkens, Owner'. What the deuce possesses Arkens to fling his land away in this way, Sprout?" turning to the dapper little storekeeper.

Sprout was deftly tying up a pound of brown sugar for a bare-footed little girl from one of the hill-cabins. He finished it with a queer twinkle in his eye, before answering leisurely.

"Well, sir, Arkens was a stranger, like yourself, when he purchased that there lot of ground. That's nigh five years ago; and I reckon he's had about enough of it."

"Why? I've seen the island," cried Wycherley, who prided himself on being a thorough farmer. "There's no such soil on this bottom. You could run your cane up to the handle in it, doctor. Black!"

"That's on account of never bein' worn out," said Sprout, sententiously. "Fallow ground's mostly black, if you'll observe. That sile's not been tilled nigh unto this hundred years."

"But why not? The top of the hill it's a cone, doctor—rises like a sugar-loaf out of the water; the top is free from undergrowth, ready for planting. Why did not Arkens raise corn, at least, on it?"

"Why, that's The Barred Acres, Mr. Wycherley."

Wycherley hesitated, puzzled. "Oh! that's the name, is it? Well, it's cheap land. I'll make the judge clinch the bargain at once."

Sprout muttered that it wouldn't be cheap at any price; and began ciphering zealously at his ledger with the uneasy air of a man who is about to be forced on to ground of which he is afraid.

"Why, isn't it cheap?" persisted Wycherley. "What's the matter with the ground?"

"There's nothing the matter with the ground," said Sprout, desperately. "It's The Barred Acres, that's all. Anybody can tell you the luck of them that owns it. I've got nothin' more to say about it."

Wycherley laughed, and we strolled out on to the rutted wagon-road leading up to the hills. No other house than Sprout's cabin was in sight. The hills thickly wooded to the top, the lazy, grass-grown road, the broad, glancing river at our feet, lay strangely still and silent in the low, red, evening light.

"The solitude here is always oppressive to me," said Wycherley. "It is like the primeval forest. There! that is Prentice's land, I think," pointing to a hill rising in the middle of the yellow river, its base fringed with gray-trunked beech-trees and rank undergrowth to the water's edge; the summit, a clean, smooth plateau, covered with a short velvet turf. "Why, there's a cabin on it now. Hello, Jim!" to a boy cooling his feet in the horse-trough.

"Who lives on that island? One to the left?"

Jim laughed; but I noticed with the same half-scared, uneasy air as Sprout. "That's a shed Arkens put up for his cows. He wasn't sech a darned fool as to live in it himself, stranger as he was. Why, that's The Barred Acres."

"Well, what of them?"

But Jim's face grew suddenly vacant.

"I dunno, I'm sure," he said, stolidly. "But come on to supper, gen'men. We'll ask Mrs. Houston."

For, although we had been but a week in her cabin, we had all fallen into the habit of referring and deferring on all points to Mrs. Houston, as, indeed, did all the neighborhood. She was but a young girl, but her bright, quick wit settled all the disputed questions for the country side.

"There's no tavern," had been Sprout's greeting, when the steamboat landed us on the lonely bank, late one night. "Houston's is the big house. Houston's away rafting, but *she* kin take you in. SHE's a capable woman." We found her to be so, and something more.

Prentice was sitting by the fire when we came in, watching, with little Bob, the griddle-cakes which Mrs. Houston was rolling out on the table.

"Don't let them burn, Bob," she said.

"Give me the fork, madam," said the judge.

"Thank you," handing him the fork.

Wycherley and I went up to the loft where we slept, to brush the mud off before supper.

"That woman would say, 'Thank you,' without surprise, if King Alfred himself came back to turn cakes. The judge is his best old self with her, do you see?"

"Prentice always had keen tact with women," said Joe. "When a man gets at odds with the world in that way, there's nothing brings him right so quickly as a thorough-bred woman."

After we had left the point, it occurred to me that Joe and I had never wondered at finding this thorough-bred woman, as we pronounced her, in poor Dolly Houston's miserable house and flannel dress. One is apt to accept whatever is genuine in the world without surprise or inquiry. It is your stage royalty, your merit, with the gilt and tinsel trappings, that wins the clamor of applause and curiosity.

When we were seated at supper, Prentice, himself, first broached the mysterious topic.

"I have seen Arkens, and settled the bargain, doctor. The deed was made out this afternoon, with remarkable celerity for country business. The island's mine."

Our little hostess' bright blue eyes turned quickly from one to the other.

"What's amiss with 'The Barred Acres,' Mrs. Houston?"

"Is that the island you have bought?" she asked of Prentice.

"Yes. Can you tell me how I got it so cheaply?"

She hesitated. "There's a superstition, a queer old story, which 'bars' the acres against all purchasers here. I'm sorry you bought it."

Of course, we clamored for the story, and when we had risen from the table and gathered about the fire, she told it to us. She told it half as a jest, but in spite of herself there was an undercurrent of nervous force and a half-conviction, that surprised us more than we chose to acknowledge, for there was not one of us who did not give her credit for as keen wit and sound sense as we claimed ourselves.

"The story goes that the island was occupied by an old chief named Gray Wolf, long after white settlers had taken possession of the mainland. The chief had drawn, it was said, some magic circle about the land which insured it to him and to his heirs forever. A family named Cresap coveted it, however, and one night Gray Wolf, his squaw, and sons, were found murdered in their wigwams, and the next day the Cresaps proceeded to make a tomahawk claim on it, joking boastfully that it would be hard for Gray Wolf to establish the heirship between his dead sons.

"I foresee the story, then," said Joe, as she stooped to take Bob on her lap. "The ghosts of the Gray Wolves still walk the shore?"

"No; they have never been seen," gravely. "But the fate of the Cresaps was peculiar. A month or two after they had built their house, the two young men, while crossing the river in a canoe, at midday, suddenly disappeared, as though the boat had been dragged under by an unseen hand. The sky was clear, the water smooth as glass. Presently the boat came up,

bottom upward, but the bodies of the men were never found. Old Cresap and his wife still occupied the island. One night a man went over on business and found the cabin empty, the cow freshly milked, a fire still smouldering on the hearth; but the murderers of the old chief were gone—they had vanished utterly from off the face of the earth."

"A very characteristic story of Indian vengeance, and not at all improbable," said Prentice. "The Redskin deals a death-blow with as stealthy and swift stroke as a thief."

"The island was uninhabited for years," said Mrs. Houston. "Then a man named Israel Warrendon moved on to it from the other shore, repaired the cabin, and settled his family comfortably for the winter. One day, in going through the street of the village which lies a few miles down the bank, on this side, he was missed—disappeared in broad daylight in passing from one house to another. I've heard he was a stout, shrewd, wide-awake man, well able to defend himself. He never was seen or heard of again. His family moved back to the main-land and were left unmolested. Afterward, a company of coal miners examined the island, and one, a gentleman from Baltimore, I think they called him Thellusson, undertook to open a mine. He set his men to work; on the fifth day, when they were outside, preparing to quit for the night, he went in curiously to the opening they had made in the hill. The ground above gave way without a sound, and buried him."

"Not an infrequent occurrence in your coal-mining region even now, Mrs. Houston."

"No; but the curious part of the story is that he, too, was lost. Dig as deep as they might, they never found a trace of his body, though he was scarcely out of sight when he disappeared."

The fire had burned low, and the sunset faded out in the little window that overlooked the river. The darkness may have accounted for the awkward silence which fell on us all. Out of the window, in the dim twilight, we could see the island rise, a dark, truncated cone, out of the broad, steel-gray river. We each gave a stealthy glance at it. Prentice begged leave to light a cigar. I stirred the fire cheerfully.

"Well, said Wycherley, in a tone unnecessarily loud, "does the old chief still drag down his victims silently underground? These are old-time affairs, after all. Perhaps the race of Gray Wolves have betaken themselves to rest now?"

"It is only about twenty years since Thellusson began to dig for coal. Land is plenty and cheap, and the people can afford to humor their superstitions. Since then there has been but one attempt to occupy the island. An old fur-trader, who was in the neighborhood in '52, when the cholera was raging in the towns along the shore, swore that he would go, make a bargain with Gray Wolf, and lease his land, as the only place of safety. He put off for the island one morning, actually carrying with him, out of bravado, beads, a gun, and tobacco. At night some of his friends went after him."

"Well? He had vanished?"

"No; they found him in front of the ruined cabin, dead, with his feet and hands composed and straightened by careful hands."

"Cholera," suggested Wycherley.

"No; there was no apparent cause for death. The tobacco and beads were heaped in order upon his breast, and the gun placed ready in his hands, Indian fashion."

"The island has been unoccupied since then?"

"Yes," she laughed, but uneasily. "The old chief has kept his land, in peace. There have been one or two attempts made to use it as a pasturage, but the cattle, which feed on the grass, after a day or two, are attacked with a strange sickness; and even the drovers, who go to take or fetch them, find that once drinking the water induces a low fever. Another curious fact about the island is—and that Bob and I have proved ourselves—that there are only such living creatures on it as belonged to the country before the coming of the whites: snakes and corbies; lynxes, too, in the thick woods; but not a singing-bird, or a squirrel."

THE GREAT CHIEF, GRAY WOLF

"Then I shall have game I did not count on," said Prentice.

Mrs. Houston did not answer.

"Now, judge," said Wycherley, after a thoughtful puff of his pipe, "I wouldn't persist in this matter, if I were you. The prejudices of the people are against it; and there's no use in running counter to the prejudices of a people without a rational cause. Even Mrs. Houston here is a half-believer."

"I only gave the facts; I don't pretend to explain them."

"At least," I said, "one thing you are assured of, Prentice, that there is miasma in the soil, and that the water is bad. It looks to me like fool-hardiness to persist in your plan, under these circumstances."

Prentice was lighting his bed-room candle.

"I will certainly carry it out, doctor, and that at once, instead of next summer. It would be worth while to fight down the prejudices of an ignorant community, if only in order to bring back such valuable land into use. Besides—" he stopped abruptly, looking for a minute down at the island which, now that the moon had risen, loomed gray and ghostly in the glittering river, and then turning off with a laugh, "one would not dislike a tug with the old dead Indian. It would have, at least, the zest of novelty."

He nodded good-night, and went up the ladder to the loft. We smoked in silence while Mrs. Houston made ready for bed, and taking the sleeping boy in her arms, bade us good-night, and went to her own room.

"If Prentice did not half believe that story," said Wycherley, knocking out his pipe, "he would not be so obstinate. It is curious what veins of superstition lie deep in the clearest and most logical brains. He would be ashamed to acknowledge it to himself; but he is so jaded and tired of life that the vague idea of a grapple with some invisible power roused him as a trumpet would a horse to the battle."

I replied that I did not think Prentice a fool. One is bound in duty to affect that tone about supernatural matters.

CHAPTER II.

When we came down next morning, we saw the judge standing at the gate, talking to Mrs. Houston, who had just come from milking.

Wycherley laughed. "Odd! Now I've seen that old fellow wither, with his stinging sarcasms, some of the reigning women of New York society, and there he stands, cap in hand, before a girl who is about to do her own washing."

"His instincts are deeper than I thought," I answered, and went down to join them.

Mrs. Houston was speaking as I came near. "My husband will be at home in a day or two. At least do not go to the island until you have seen him. There is something which he can tell you. I am sure you will not go when you have heard it."

She broke off abruptly. I was surprised to notice that her eyes were full of tears, and that her whole manner betrayed extreme agitation.

The judge looked up and down, perplexed and annoyed.

"My dear madam, don't you see that I cannot draw back? I have this moment given orders to Sprout to send a carpenter over to put the cabin in habitable order, as I would sleep there to-night. If I draw back, I would only do my part to confirm the people in their absurd fears. And I cannot be called a coward."

"No, you cannot be called a coward," she replied, thoughtfully, and, after a moment's pause, took up her pails and went into the house.

The old man looked after her. It was evident her anxiety touched and pleased him.

"Now, that woman is a more curious study to me, doctor, than any old legends of this uncivilized country," he said. "Now and then, in society, I have felt that peculiar power, like a magnetic atmosphere, about a woman, with the repose of manner which only comes from a fine nature finely poised; but very rarely. You have to go back to generations of ease and culture to account for such a human product. But here, side by side with these

strapping, loud, country wenches, is the wife of a raftsman, fighting poverty and vulgarity with an arch debonair gayety—it's a puzzle such as I never solved before."

"You are determined to meet the Wolf on his own ground?" said Wycherley, too anxious to leave the main point long.

"Yes—to-night. Sprout's man will knock me up a shed out of the old one, and a fire and hammock will make me all right. I'm an old campaigner."

To be brief with the story, the judge persisted. He met with more remonstrance than he had looked for. One of the frequent freshets in the upper creeks had caused a rise in the river, and most of the farmers from the back hills found their way down to the bottom during the day to judge of its extent. They are a reticent, slow class of people, but they all contrived to drop a word of warning to Prentice.

"The patch of ground has a bad name, from one cause or another," said one. "It was likely to be aguish if no worse," said another. "'Twant no use stirrin' up foul water," put in a third. To all of which arguments the judge listened, amused.

Wycherley and I, of course, remonstrated no further. Mrs. Houston went about her work with a grave face.

Just before dark I found Prentice on the river bank, stowing into a skiff his hammock, an axe, and materials for breakfast.

"Wycherley and I are going with you," I said. "We will be more than a match for the Gray Wolf and his sons."

"I beg that you will not," he replied, curtly. "My freak is a foolish one, probably. I don't wish to draw any one else into the annoyances of it."

His manner was such that I did not renew my offer. It was a melancholy, unnaturally calm evening; the leaden sky hung low and lowering, the yellow, swollen river rushed by laden with drifting timber.

"But it's falling," said Sprout, who stood by with his foot-measure. "It'll be down by morning."

"The judge will be in no danger?"

"From the freshet? No. This roost is ten feet above the highest flood mark. It's not from the water his trouble'll come," with a shrug and gloomy nod.

One by one the few loiterers went up the miry road to find shelter. The night, coming on rapidly, bade fair to be stormy. The death-like stillness was ominous; a raw, foreboding wind blew sharply down the gorge, making me shiver inside of my heavy overcoat. I walked up and down at some distance from Prentice, who busied himself unnecessarily with his cockleshell of a boat on the edge of the water. The superstition was absurd, and I had only contempt for his insane freak; and yet I could not bring myself to bid him good-night, and come away.

Standing there, at the edge of the dark sheet of water, with the island in view, the legend we had heard about it had an unaccountable power over us all. I believed at the time, and I am half tempted to believe now, that some subtle influence was at work that night in the air and in the very ground, to give it its force. After all, what do we know of the strength of the hands of the dead?

Even Wycherley had some vague idea of this. His fat, pale face was unnaturally sobered as he trotted uneasily up and down, pretending to gauge the water.

"There's some devil abroad to-night. The idea of a respectable old fellow, a judge of the Superior Court, camping in a cowshed to show that he's not afraid of ghosts! He'll have the gout in his stomach, that'll be the end of it, mark my words. 'Pon my soul, there's something like the work of an evil spirit in a sudden insanity of that sort. It's against nature."

We loitered for a few minutes, and then went, with a sudden impatience, back to the house.

Judge Prentice, when he had packed his skiff, came to say good-bye.

I tried to assume a jocular tone. "It does not occur to you that you are doing an utterly irrational and useless thing?"

"Of course I am. But there are some dare-devil drops of the boy's blood that stay in us until the last moment, I suppose."

Mrs. Houston had come up unseen,

by either of us, and stood beside us, her waterproof cloak about her shoulders, and her fine head bare.

"Ah, madam! you come to give me your consent?" holding out his withered hand, gallantly.

To my astonishment, she affected not to see it. "Is there nothing that will induce you to wait until to-morrow?" she said, hurriedly. "Only until to-morrow?"

The inexplicable agitation, which she tried in vain to conceal, touched him as with an electric spark. His real cynical, bitter nature came to the surface.

"What does it matter if I were actually going into danger? My accounts with life are counted up and closed. A man's day's work is done at sixty, well or ill. He only lies about on sufferance after that."

"You laugh at the danger; so did I when I first came here. But I know now it is real." She looked over at the island with a countenance that was, for the moment, curiously scared and childish. "You have no right to throw away your life. You have friends—your children—"

"I have none, madam. I will come back, of course, safely; but if that island were to be my grave, as you think, there is not a living creature to shed a tear for me. Give me some matches, doctor," with a sudden change of tone, ashamed of his emotion. "I'll be over by noon to-morrow, Mrs. Houston, hungry as a bear. Good-night!"

She stood looking after him, as he jumped into the skiff, and pushed out from the shore.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself. "What shall I do?"

I answered her, but she neither saw nor heard me. I touched her arm at last. "You are not answerable for his obstinate folly, Mrs. Houston. Besides, what is the man to you?"

"This much," quietly. "It would be better for me that Bob were lying dead in my house to-morrow, than that old gray-headed man."

"Yet you would not take his hand just now."

A flash of indignant repugnance crossed her face. I saw it, although she controlled it instantly. "You are fanciful. It grows chilly, we will go to the house."

Night closed in early, but the storm still delayed. Wycherley and I watched the island until we saw a red light on the top of the dark heap.

"He has his fire going, at least," said Joe. "Gray Wolf has not yet entered an appearance."

There was no story-telling that night, nor even romps with Bob. Joke as we would, we were secretly uneasy and uncomfortable. Mrs. Houston went about her work, pale and silent. We left her by the kitchen fire when we went to bed.

"It is likely that my husband will be home to-night," she said. "I will wait for him." But I heard her open the window after we had gone, from which the dull-red spark on the island could be seen.

It must have been an hour or two before day when I was awakened by a strange noise, a low, grinding sound, that shook the wooden house to its foundations. I started out of bed, and supposing it to be thunder, threw open the window. The moon lighted up the steep mountains so clearly, that the trees stood out against the sky in fine black lining. Not a cloud was in the sky. Wycherley, in the other room, gave a shout of dismay and terror.

"Good God! the river is gone!" he cried.

I hurried to the other window, and stood stunned for a moment. Where, last night, the broad river had rolled, muddy and swollen, was solid ground. Not a gleam of water was to be seen.

"I understand it now," said Wycherley, when he was fairly awake. "The river has risen in the night, and the creek, rushing out below, has backed up the drift wood and debris. There's an immense accumulation of mud and timber there. But it will only last an hour or two before it breaks up."

We stood looking at it curiously for a moment, when the same thought flashed upon us both, and we looked at each other appalled. I was the first to speak.

"Sprout said his cabin was ten feet above the highest mark."

"But this rise, I judge, is unprecedented," said Wycherley.

We pulled on our clothes, and hurried down to the bank, without a word. As we passed through the kitchen, I noticed that the fire had been lately replenished, and a candle, with a long wick, blazed on the table. Mrs. Houston's watch had lasted all night.

The moon lit up the work of death with a clearness which seemed unnatural and spectral. When we reached the point from which the island was visible, we stood silent, not daring to look at each other.

The water had risen to a level with the cabin. There was about it not a sign of life. If the judge was there, he still slept, unconscious of his danger.

The most terrible feature in that terrible night, I remember, was the intense and awful stillness. The mountains ranged dark and watchful behind us; the vast, solid mass above the flood heaving up, and up, to its deed of death without a sound; the silent, unnatural brightness, that bathed earth and sky; the whole world seemed waiting, hungry and expectant, to see a murder done.

When Wycherley spoke, it was in a husky whisper.

"The old man will waken in his grave," he said.

"Can we do nothing?"

"What can we do? This mass will break any minute. It is breaking now —yonder," pointing to a spot, three furlongs above the island, where a foot or two of water glittered through the massed mud and logs.

But it was not in human nature to do nothing. We ventured over the drift, and dragged each other back, drenched and bruised; for the mass, apparently so solid, was uneven in depth, and in some places mere traps of clogged lumber turning under the feet.

"It's useless," groaned Joe. "The man sleeps like the dead. Eh? What do you see?"

"What shadow is that yonder! Near the island—to the left?"

Wycherley's eyes were keener than mine.

"It is a woman! Merciful God! It is she! She is going to save him!"

There was no need to name her. She was one of those women who always seem to be the only one in the world when you are near her.

She was of light weight, and besides, both nimble and cool. She had a long stick in her hands, by which she aided herself to spring from one point, which seemed most solid, to another. Her eye, apparently, was as watchful as a cat's, and her movements as agile. I think the most intolerable pain at that hour, to me, as I watched her, was the galled sense of my own age; the rheumatic lumbering body that forced me to stand like a log and see a woman thus dare death. As for Wycherley, he sat down and clasped his hands about his knees, now and then wiping the sweat from his face. I think he was praying for Mrs. Houston, though he relieved himself once or twice by a savage oath at Prentice and his obstinacy.

She fell once, twice, but regained her footing, and went on, wet to the skin, and with a weaker step, I fancied.

"She has touched solid ground! She is at the cabin!" cried Wycherley.

"What does that matter? They never can come back. Look! It is breaking there——and there!"

She disappeared for a moment. Then they came out together, she holding the judge by the hand, pointing across to where we stood, explaining and urging. Then she brought an oar, showing him how to use it, as she had done the staff.

Judge Prentice was a heavily-built man. At the best of times he moved stiffly. The passage was fully a half mile in length before them. Now, too, the loosening of the drift below became more evident. The whole vast mass began to heave with a swell almost imperceptible as yet, but like the smothered breathing of a monster, which may the next instant break into devouring fury. Wycherley brought ropes from the house, and brandy; put oars into a skiff, and then leaned against a tree, his arms folded in desperate inaction.

"It is all that we can do."

How long we watched them I do not know. I remember that the day began

to break when they were but half-way across. Prentice moved as if still stunned or dazed by sleep, or the sudden terror. He was loggish, timid, irresolute. The woman, on the contrary, had become an incarnate spirit of energy—every limb alert, light, swift; her thoughts guided them with the quickness of intuition. This was the more remarkable, as she was a languid, slow woman, naturally, in her ideas and movements. I wondered if it was not the thought of her husband that gave wings to both her soul and body to cross that gulf of death.

They came nearer — nearer. The danger grew more imminent. The slow heaving had increased to a heavy, regular throb; the crash of timbers above came like sullen thunder. The whole mass swayed at times until they staggered and fell.

"If she once falls under the timber, she is lost."

Wycherley and I shouted encouragement incessantly. "Five minutes more, and you are safe!" Yet neither of us believed that they could ever reach the shore. If the great flowing once gave way, there was no possible chance of saving them from beneath it. She did not dare to glance toward us, but her cheek reddened, and she laughed gaily as she heard us.

The next moment she did look toward the shore, and, as if touched with palsy, all her strength and courage left her in an instant. She staggered, and gave a sudden, nervous, womanish laugh. After that her steps were uncertain and trembling. She had caught sight of a man who came running rapidly up the shore. He stopped beside us—a sturdy, broad-built young fellow, with an oddly familiar face.

"In God's name, what is this? Is that my wife?"

There was a sudden, sharp report like thunder, a frightful crash and swirl, and the whole mass of timber and drift-wood broke a few yards from where they were. The judge stood firm, and tried to hold her, but, as if she had lost all reason and strength at once, poor Dolly held out her hands to her husband, and threw herself toward him into the water. A heavy beam struck her, and she fell.

For the next few moments we were all struggling in the flood together. The judge was taken out stunned, though not seriously hurt, and carried to the house. Houston brought his wife to shore, whether dead or alive, we could not tell. The few women of the neighborhood had collected, but he carried her up in his arms as though she were a baby, and would let no one touch her but himself. For an hour Wycherley and I kept guard outside the door. Prentice joined us in dry clothes, and refreshed by a medicinal drink. But the color and little remaining youth seemed washed out of the man. His very hair and beard had grown white and limp.

"If she dies!" he muttered. "If she dies—"

We did not answer him.

The door opened at last, and she stood in it alive—her eyes glowing, her hand out.

"Will you take my hand now, Judge Prentice?" She hesitated, choked for words, the bright color coming and going in her cheeks.

"I—I—You did not know who I was, but—Oh, Tom, come! It is your father!"

. . . . . .

I have no faith in legends or superstitions. But it is a fact that, in the midst of an oil-digging and trading community, the Gray Wolf still keeps his land undisturbed.

Making Friends With Your Banker

By Frederick A. Hamilton

THE BANKER is in the market for loans and you are in business to sell goods and to build up your business. You need the banker and the banker needs you. He wants to loan you money—that is his business.

If you have a going business, you ought to be a frequent borrower of the bank's money. That is the way to build up and extend your business. If you are a regular customer of any commercial bank, if you are a regular depositor, you have the first claim on the borrowing fund of that bank; the fund set aside for short-time or accommodation loans. And you can draw against that fund in just such measure as your bank credit entitles you.

But your credit is going to be determined by your banker. That is the reason you ought to make friends with your banker and take him into your confidence as to your business. Of course the bank may be used by you as a place wherein to keep your money safely; and that is a good thing. But the banker is the one who is going to establish your credit rating. If he is a friend of yours, and knows your business, his rating of you is going to be more intelligently done. And if you can show him good business method, his rating of you will be higher.

If your banker knows that you are accurate and methodical in conducting your business in such things as collections, extending credits, taking frequent and detailed inventories, figuring costs, live advertising, your banker is going to be very willing to let you have money. If he knows you as a man of good personal character and good business record; if he knows the amount of capital you have invested and the nature of your quick assets, such as bills and accounts receivable—when your banker sees you come borrowing, it will be with exceeding joy. He will give you the glad hand, he has an itching palm same as you. You are coming to make profit out of him. And he is going to take toll out of you. Hence his gladness.

You wouldn't go borrowing if you didn't believe you could pay his little six per cent. and still make money. And he would meet you with a calm and immovable dignity if he didn't believe you could come across with the five hundred, say, *and* the interest. And the *interest.*

But how is he going to find out the things he wants to know about you before loaning you the money you want? You would rather give him this information than to have your competitor do it, wouldn't you?

Some men boast that they never borrowed a dollar from a bank in their lives. That's nothing to brag about. Why—we know a general store merchant up in a little town in Ontario, who not only never went into a bank for money, but who sends his surplus cash every week to a *savings bank* in a nearby small city. That's going some. Of course this man could borrow money any time he wanted to. There's his blooming savings account working for him day and night, week-in and week-out, month by month and year by year; bringing him in the magnificent gain of three per cent. per annum—when he ought to be getting sixteen per cent. out of his money. But his money's safe—safe as the bank. Also his money is no good to him.

Of course a merchant ought to carry a good deposit (in a commercial bank); the amount of his deposit ought to be a good indication as to his ability as a merchant. But the wise merchant will deal with one bank, build up a credit there, have no more money on deposit than necessary to carry his ordinary business, and borrow nowhere else. But he will borrow there.

This building up of a credit ought not to be put off until the man finds it absolutely necessary to raise the wind. But having picked out the right man in the right bank, and having gained this banker's confidence by the showing he has been able to make as to good method in conducting his business, let him confidently go to his banker-friend and tell him he wants some money. Supposing it's you, with an almighty good grasp of the details of your business, and the ability to present the case in a perfectly orderly and intelligible and convincing way, you will get your money all right.

Moreover—by the very fact of your making this borrow, you have been enabled to show your banker a business system which he can heartily approve. And he is able to say to his directors, when reviewing the loan, that you are a mighty fine business man. Good advertising for you. This bank credit is worth more to you than money.

To illustrate: Suppose you are carrying a stock of $6,000; with $3,000 on your books in accounts receivable; with no demands but the ordinary day-by-day liabilities; and you want to borrow $800 at ninety days for a cash buy. If you have a system of credits that enables you to show the cashier or president that you have so graduated these book accounts as absolutely to know that your collection system will take care of the $800 at the end of ninety days, you've done a fine stroke of business for yourself—beside getting the $800 you wanted to make that "good buy" with.

The doctor and the lawyer and the lumber man and the farmer and the retired capitalist and your big competitor who make up the directors' board of the bank get to know you as a safe and going business man. This will be a tremendous asset out in the community for you—not tangible, but real; mighty real and golden. And remember—all the time—all the time—that your banker is the one who makes your commercial rating. So this borrow of yours turns out to be an asset, also, from your wholesalers' and jobbers' angle of vision.

No—we are not advising, Merchant Friend, a riot of reckless borrowing. Beside your banker will see to it that you don't do that. Even if he would let you get into the bank's funds when you had no business there, that thing would put you down and out—that sort of program, we mean—in double-quick time. And after all, the best way to keep a good bank credit, and so a commercial rating, is to build it up patiently and cleanly on a rock-foundation. And then not ask for credit. Let your banker-friend make his money out of somebody else. Or let him get you elected to the directorship of the bank that, haply, you assist in the plucking of interest-feathers out of the other fellow. Then you can do both—borrow and lend. In any event, you want to keep your business in such shape that your loans will be of short duration, without renewal, so that interest charges do not eat into the profits of your business.

Here is the point: Put yourself into such relationship with your banker that he may gladly help you out when you need help. Get next. Your bank credit should be built up and used as a resource for temporary demands and opportunities.

Make friends of your banker. He may be to you like a rock in a weary land, like a shelter in a time of storm. And folks do not build cyclone-cellars when the sky is black with threatening—they don't have time; nor do they build them when in the clutch of the gale. Prudently they go at it when the sun is shining and there's not a cloud in the sky. Wherefore, do it to-day. Begin to cultivate your banker. Make him your friend—and cyclone-cellar. He won't mind.

A Forum on Money-Mad Farming

Where Do You Stand?

Since the publication of Mr. Croasdell's first article on Money-Mad Farming, we have been receiving letters of protest or approval. Many of these have shown either an entire lack of sympathy with or a discriminating appreciation of the position taken by the author. Since the magazine presents Mr. Croasdell's work as an incentive to thought and discussion of the subject, we shall give space to the letters that seem to us to be most representative.—THE EDITOR.

CALLS IT EDUCATED IGNORANCE

To the Editor:—Discontinue my magazine. The reason follows: If you agree with Rex Croasdell and his "Money-Mad Farming" articles, if you think it is ignorance, indifference, short-sighted greed that is the cause of the farmers "mining" their farms, then I say, stop my magazine and sell it to some city man who may appreciate Mr. Croasdell's educated ignorance. Tell this flip contributor of yours to take $1,000.00 and his family (if he has one) and go up west, buy a farm, make good, then come back and write an article on the reason farmers don't farm as they should, and, if he isn't the "lard brained" variety himself by that time, I'll listen to him.

J. M. HOPPER.

Box 141, Newdale, Man.,
March 27th, 1912.

GOOD CHEER FROM RED DEER

To the Editor:—In a recent number of your magazine I read with much interest, an article on the failure of the western farmer to provide the milk, butter, eggs, meat, etc., required for local consumption, and of the utter absurdity, to say the least, of our having to import, in a country like this, such natural products.

Your paper is the only one in the West that I have noticed that has courage enough to tell the farmers just where they are "getting off at," and it seems to me that you have hit the nail on the head.

It has occurred to me that you will be interested in knowing something about the profits that are made here by the farmers who have enterprise and energy enough to go in for dairying. I have letters from a number of farmers, practically all of whom say that they have made good money in milking cows. One farmer's record here, that of Mr. Sharman, shows what is possible. From one year's milking of ten cows, he netted $1,894.00. With the price received for the calves his ten cows made him a profit of $2,894.00. He milks about thirty cows. He has only a quarter-section of land, which is not any more favorably situated than a hundred other farms near towns throughout Alberta. Mr. Sharman received exceptional prices for his milk and cream, it is true, but prices received by every farmer between Calgary and Edmonton during the last year or two have been as high as (if not higher than) that received in any other place in America.

A further advantage of this method of farming is illustrated in Mr. Sharman's case. He is able to employ help the year round, and more than that, he pays his men what many farmers would consider an exorbitant wage, i. e., $40.00 to $50.00 per month and board the year round.

I will not give you the illustrations I have of the money made with cattle and hogs, but would like to mention just one instance to show what is possible to the man who will work with stock. A farmer here purchased fifty ewes at $6.00 each, for which he gave his note for one year with 8 per cent. interest. Before his note was due he netted 88c. per head from the wool of each ewe; he raised fifty-four lambs, and sold the whole bunch—ewes and lambs—at $6.00 per head. He requir-

ed only a very rough and cheap shed for shelter, and took care of his sheep along with his other farm work, needing no extra help, fed them only straw and hay not properly cured and unsalable.

Farmers have been crying for wider markets, and yet I have been in the best hotels in Calgary and Edmonton during the year when it was impossible to get, for love or money, good cream, or for that matter any kind, to put on your porridge.

I have felt very strongly on this matter, and have written this just to tell you that I appreciated your "straight from the shoulder" method of putting some of the blame for the present conditions where it rightly belongs.

J. L. DAVISON.

Red Deer, Alberta, March 12th, 1912.

BELIEVES IN MIXED FARMING

To the Editor—I have been in the Touchwood district of the Last Mountain Valley for twenty-five years and I have been almost entirely engaged in raising live stock. Brome and other tame grasses do well. This part has proved it is exactly adapted for mixed or dairy farming. Further, I have noticed in every part of this country that the man who goes in for mixed farming is the *sure* man, as it is very handy to have a few head of cattle to turn off in the fall, and butter and cheese find splendid market, as numbers of the large farmers that go entirely in for grain do not even keep a cow.

WILLIAM BRICE.

Sec. 30-25-17 W 2nd Cupar P.O., Saskatchewan.

RESENTS MR. CROASDELL'S ATTACK

To the Editor:—I have just finished reading Mr. Rex Croasdell's latest article on "Money Mad Farming" and since I happen to be one of the "bone-headed, lard-brained" farmers, I want to say that I most heartily resent his attack, although I do agree with some of the things he says.

For instance, when he says that "the devil gets the farmer in spite of the government" he tells what is a fact. The devil, in the character of the Meat Combine, gets him by dictating the price of his beef, and the devil in the character of the Grain Combine gets him by dictating the price of his grain.

I don't wonder that Mr. Croasdell laments because he and the people in the next flat—flat, mind you—didn't get a share of what the farmer *didn't* get. They probably got a large share of what he *did* get. But they, the city men, the business men, the "big fellows," are not money mad. Oh, no! Wouldn't it be well for Mr. Croasdell to apply some of his gun cotton to the heels of the city men instead of trying to induce them to "butt-in" to the "bone heads" business.

It is amusing to hear these "high brows" shout parrot like about crop rotation, seed selection, intensive farming, etc. How wise they appear! How much they can say for the amount they know! Crop rotation and mixed farming; it sounds quite scholarly doesn't it? But where does it come in when lumber and cement are so high that if the "lard-brain" were to put up a good, comfortable house and barn, it would take all his profits to pay the interest on the investment?

Why don't the farmers practice most of these wise men's theories? Simply because they can't make a living at it and, unfortunately, they have to live, but fortunately they don't have to live as high as their friends in the city or they couldn't live at all. If the farmer were so grubby, so money mad, wouldn't he jump at the chance of doubling his yield in a practical way? You bet he would.

Yes, "prod the farmer on," but let me tell you, Mr. Croasdell, that you will have to rise several hours earlier than you are accustomed to if you prod him when he gets up in the morning, and you will be late for the "show" if you keep prodding him till he quits at night. All this agitation among city people won't affect the farmer at all, for if he is a "bone-head" and a "lard-brain", he knows enough to know that the city man knows nothing of the practice of farming and is only interested in it in the hope that he may get

farm products a little cheaper, that he may lend the "bone-head" some money on his farm at eight or ten per cent. interest, or that he may sell him a gold brick. Mr. Croasdell says "Dig into the primaries yourself." I can say "Hear ! hear !" to that. But I would suggest a different way of doing it. Instead of leaning back in your morris chair with an experiment station report in your hands and a clear havana in your face, just get up, pull off your smoking jacket, roll up your sleeves and "go to it" on a quarter section for a few seasons. After Rex Croasdell has run the gauntlet of the average farmer's average everyday troubles for two or three years, he will then appreciate what a downright insult his articles are.

Now, I know, Mr. Editor, that I am a "bone-head," but I am a subscriber to your valuable magazine and an advocate of the "square deal" so I hope you will not consider that I am trespassing on your space and good nature when I ask you to print the above as presenting to a limited extent, the "bone-head's" side of the question.

G. W. IRWIN.

Saltcoats, Saskatchewan.

OPPOSED TO STRAIGHT WHEAT FARMING

To the Editor:—I am very much in sympathy with your undertaking to show the advantages of the more general adoption of diversified farming methods in Canada and to oppose the straight wheat farming.

W. A. WILSON.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

MIXED FARMING VS. ALL-GRAIN

To the Editor:—I am in thorough sympathy with your movement. The subject of the profits to be derived from diversified farming as compared to exclusive grain-growing will, I understand, be taken up by the college of agriculture as soon as their organization work permits.

A. FRANK MANTLE,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

WATER POWER

BY EYRE MORTON DANN

ONE fells a giant spruce into the river;
Slowly and regally it makes its way
To a leaping fall, whose roar is as the thunder,
And disappears in whirl on whirl of spray.

Far down below, the tireless eddy turns
A whitened log, quick-stripped of bark and bough;
The watching savage cannot read the message
That hum of motor spells so plainly now.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

ARE the seasons the same, or is it you that have changed so woefully? Is spring ever as fresh, as exquisite, as delightful as it used to be in those far days of our youth, when the fields and woods rang with jocund sounds and in the pastures the sheep moved from patch to patch of tempting herbage? As you note the first young green edging the trees that stood through the long winter so naked and dry, your thoughts turn to the "Island of Honey," where the bees are flying among the velvet buds, and the long leagues of English hedgerows are sheeted with May blossoms. The fireless grate in country house and cottage is filled with branches of fragrant May, and through the rain outside, the warm, pearly May blooms are glowing fresh as the cheeks of the milkmaid. And in deep woods that my soul remembers, the cuckoo is calling, and in the valley below the nightingale is wooing his mate in such sweet utterance as stirred the heart of old Izaak Walton: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth."

My heart went a-wandering the other day down a lane that winds through a wood and across a village common. There, under the boles of the old trees, the first violets hide under their mantle of broad, green leaves, and close by the stile the primroses grow in clumps, waiting for the children to come joyously to gather them into posies. Beyond, the buttercups blaze their golden path through the fields, over-topping the grass that surrounds them. The sweet woodruff clusters about the trunk of the great oak that stands midway and breaks the lane in two. Butterflies are darting hither and thither, and the wings of the soldier fly flash in the sun as he pursues his fellows in play. The old dog yonder is busily scratching up the earth, nosing for a hedgehog which he finds presently, as his wild yelps proclaim. Hedger and ditcher are busy with their spades, repairing the inroads of the frost, and you pause a while to watch them at their work and wonder what they say as they talk "Zummerzet" together. All the land lies smiling in the full glory of the Maytime. Exquisite recollections of careless, childish days sweep across the soul, and some echo of woodland song wakens in that wandering heart a sigh for the springtime that has gone:

Oh, that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees

QUEEN O' THE MAY

WERE you ever crowned Queen of the May long ago when you were little? Once, we had that happy privilege. But we had to put another small claimant to the mat in order to enjoy it. The way of it was this—and centuries of sorrow could not eliminate the memory. The Queen was to be the one who got most votes from the other children for amiability and good temper—things foreign to the nature of red-headed youngsters, and to be hardly won by such at any time. Through bodily fear of us we got a modicum of votes. In fact we split even with the Angel of the school. It was then that the young Demon threw down the glove and up the dukes. The Angel folded her wings, and the two entered the ring. There was neither judge nor referee, but the rest of the school divided itself into seconds. You talk of fights! My pen is tipped with scorn when I think of the tame affairs they call by that glorious name these days.

There were no rules to hinder these youngsters and no boys to yell encouragement or to jeer. It was tooth and claw when both were at their sharpest. Now Angel soared while Demon got under and scratched her legs. Angel bit and the little Devil pummeled and both went to the mat and wallowed. In one mighty round was it finished, and the Demon arose with hands full of hair and was crowned amid cheers with three battered white roses and a long green veil, both wrested from a maiden aunt's bonnet. I can see her, careless, battered, happy "kid," strutting about in a long-tailed gown—also stolen, followed by a horde of dancing, shouting youngsters, one of her eyes a blue puff-ball, but her heart a glorified thing full of the joy of battle.

As to what became of the vanquished, that is not the business of the conqueror. All the donkey rides that day belonged to the victor.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

A HEADLESS postman; a phantom skipper and his crew; two medical spirits who have long been practising how to keep the Devil in splints, a spook lady known by the initials M. L. O. (by the way, have you read the book of the month, "To M. L. G."?) two real men, the inevitable woman, and several crisp Bank of England five-pound notes are the *dramatis personnae* in the latest police sensation. You can add the Devil to these, if you like, for I have no doubt at all he was present at the proceedings.

Do not look surprised. Bless you, we have not advanced so very much in these days of enlightenment and scientific discovery as the newspapers would have us believe. There are just as many fools in the world as ever there were. But it is not often we find a lawyer made a goat of. And—such is human nature, a murrain of it!—it is with a touch of grim joy that we find one of those acute chaps who have worsted us in a deal or two, taken in in his turn.

Our lawyer friend had, it seems, a fiancee who had departed untimely for a better land. Consumed with grief, he sought to find her in the spirit land.

A CARELESS HAPPY "KID", STRUTTING ABOUT IN A

The medium he consulted, being a wary lady, informed him that she could bring him into communication with his dead sweetheart through a controlling spirit, a doctor. Seventy years ago this doctor was practising in Melbourne, Australia. Where he has been since is not recorded. However, it was not long until the doctor told the medium that M. L. O., the dead sweetheart, was in need of money. The lawyer then began to write letters to her in care of the doctor. Frequently money orders were enclosed, and when the lawyer was short of cash he quietly appropriated that of a client. The notes were afterwards found to have been paid for furniture, food and etceteras, which are not usually needed in the land that is fairer than this.

After a time it became necessary to employ a spirit "postman," and a spook who had had his head cut off during the French Revolution was appointed per medium to the office. Meantime the doctor got tired, went on a vacation and left a locum tenens. The headless postman was supposed to de-materialize the lawyer's letters so that he could deliver them to the friends in the spirit world. He was certainly careless about the envelopes, for the contents got no further than the Bank of England.

To summarize, here was a London lawyer sending money not belonging to him to a dead woman through two dead doctors and a medium. He became bankrupt in course of time and told his story of sending remittances to the next world. This lawyer actually formed the idea of creating a band of spirit-workers in the nature of a skipper and crew whose work would be reforming members of this world who had reached the other shores and were probably stranded there. Postal orders and money orders were intrusted to "the dear old postman," but alas! these never reached the farther shore. They had a way of going backwards and remaining there. Meantime the medium was furnishing her house and living on the fat of the land.

Fired by desire to see his dead love attired in the height of the fashion, her lawyer lover mailed the spring catalogues to her, and advised her against hobbles and kimono sleeves. In return his beloved sent him a telegram of "happy returns" on his birthday. Once, when the lawyer was not coming up with the funds, the medium wrote: "I saw the doctor last night. He looked stern. We must have $150."

The whole case is pitiful. That anyone could be so credulous seems of itself incredible. The man was supposedly sane. He pursued sane methods, lived reasonably and even held his law practice. Assuredly Edison was not far wrong when he declared the other day that spiritism, from the ignorant dupe with the love philter to the owl-eyed psychical researcher, is nothing but a mental disease. Its cause is invariably due to deterioration of the brain cells.

NEW BUT NOT NOVEL

THERE is a new, but not novel, game for women, which is less harmful and not quite as thrilling as auction bridge. It is called Book Tea. Those invited to this interesting ceremony are asked to wear a little something suggestive of the books they represent, and she who guesses the titles of the most of these emblems receives a prize. One lady, who appeared with the numerals 45 placarded on her chest, was easily placed as "L' Age Dangeroux". Another who wore a metal bracelet was diagnosed as "The Iron Woman". No one seemed to be able to say what book the woman represented who had hung a toy cat and tennis racket at her belt. You, of course, know that it was Balzac's "The Cat and Racket".

A dear old lady who had pinned a lily to her bosom was extremely indignant when someone guessed her book to be Sudermann's "Song of Songs." Such a terrible book, my dear! Quite unfit to be read by anyone, much less a woman. But why was the old lady angry? And if she hadn't read the book, how did she know that it was unfit for the Old Person, much less for the Young. Ah, that was a gay old girl, I'm afraid. She had evidently been hob-nobbing with Mrs. Grundy who, as everybody knows, is of ligest to read everything in order to guard the

ALL THE LAND LIES SMILING IN THE FULL GLORY OF THE MAYTIME

Young Person, my dear, the poor, tender, delicate, shy Young Person, who on no account must learn how very bad this sad, old world can be.

I do not think the term Book Tea a good name for this entertainment. A neater title for a sport that cheers but not inebriates would be Tea Leaves.

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MOTHER O' MINE

A WOMAN was on her knees before a little wooden trunk packing it. She was his mother—and his father as well—and he was going quite away from her for the first time to boarding school. He was out playing, bless you, happy-hearted and careless, and throbbing with the excitement of going away, poor little man, and having a trunk of his own and pearl sleeve studs and a "really" watch.

Everything that went into the box was as spick and span as love could make it. The little suits carefully pressed and mended, the new pyjamas, pink with gray stripes and gray with blue, the stockings and gaiters and shoes and shirts were all packed neatly with bunches of tissue paper to fill out the corners. And as she worked, the mother was thinking of all the different stages by which her baby went from her from the beginning. There was the time she weaned him, when she cried as much as he at the tender parting. And then his first little man-clothes—the day she saw him march away proudly in the first insignia of his sex, his small breeches. After that came the cutting of the curls, the warm red-brown curls she had brushed round and round her fingers till they shone like bronze. She had them yet, tied up in tissue paper with a bit of the same blue ribbon which was round her love letters in those secret places where women keep their most precious jewels.

She remembered the day he first wagged off to school, his satchel slung on his back, his copper-toed shoes laced neatly, his little handkerchief sticking out of his jacket pocket just to show he had one. She watched him till he turned the corner but he never once looked back, and then she turned to the day's work with dim eye and a prayer in her heart, waiting till she heard his merry shout as he raced down the road home to her again. Each little stage took him farther from her until now the real parting of the ways had come. And as she slipped the little tray into

its place in the top of the box, she wondered how she could bear it when she came home without her little man. How lonesome the house would be and how silent! No noisy little shoes clattering on the stair, no rush into the room with some childish story, or asking some little favor. Many a tear fell into the little box that mother was packing there on her knees—many a prayer, many a kiss.

Was there ever love like it, this mother love which flows like a river ever onward, which no misfortune can change, no crime lessen, no disappointment alter? All a man's life it follows him, asking nothing, making no demand, immense as Nature itself, unselfish as the heart of God, patient with the patience of God Himself.

FEMINISM IN GERMANY

FEMINISM has at last beaten down the barricades and appeared in Germany. It is the last country to be affected by the problem. For generations the women of the Fatherland have kept to their traditions and believed that their duties in life were exclusively confined to the *Kirche*, *Kinder* and *Kuchen*. Hitherto they have demanded little change either in education or as regards their exclusion from all public concern, with the result that their fame as *hausfraus* pure and simple has been world-wide. But the craze for emancipation has at last touched them and is beginning to show the effects.

The German women are alive to the fact that they occupy a position different from the women of England and America, and even of France, and they are showing signs that they would fain win a superiority to the position hitherto assigned to them. Pioneers sprang up who influenced their sisters to obtain increased powers to compete with men in earning their own living. Women are pressing into all branches of industry and trade, and where some years ago the employment of women in shops and offices would have been regarded as great a scandal as it was in England during the exhibition of 1851, there is an army of women workers in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and Dresden to-day. And the movement is divided into two distinct sections: the vigorous Socialistic section, confined chiefly to working women whose leaders are hand in hand with the leaders of the Social Democratic party, and the middle-class movement, which confines itself mainly to educational influences, by which the exponents hope to arrive at the desired goal—emancipation.

THE OLD BOOKS

DO YOU ever grow a little tired of the modern novel, which is so filled with the unrest of woman or the cheap adventures of cheap heroes, and turn to the works of those who have "quietly rested under the drums and tramplings" of many an age? To turn the pages of an old book and read just here and there a page or so, is as calming to the spirit as wandering in some fairy wood on an enchanted spring day.

Turning the leaves of some such ancient friend, I came yesterday upon this passage, written by one of the most cruelly used of English gentlemen, Sir Walter Raleigh.

"O, eloquent, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatness, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*."

That was written when Sir Walter lay in the Tower awaiting death, and as I read the dignified, beautiful passage, I remembered that late summer's day when we walked in the old garden of Sir Walter Raleigh, where the hollyhocks stood shoulder high, and London Pride bordered all the walks, and the luscious roses in whose deep cups the dew yet glistened, straggled over the wall, and we thought of those great days in England's history when her mighty men girt the sea-isle with their valor. In these days of fret and hurry, days of cheap flavor and long-distance fighting, it does me good to turn to these grand old boys of the past, Lamb and Bacon, More and Bunyan, and

gentle old Izaak Walton, the king of fishermen.

You remember him—

"No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy, and so pleasant as the angler's unless it be the beggar's life in summer; for then only they take no care but are happy as we anglers."

AND THEN HIS FIRST LITTLE MAN-CLOTHES!

MERELY A BLOT

DUBLIN has become the home of the Muses," writes one with a satiric pen and a whole bunch of ignorance regarding the Irish race. Why the Muses radiate from there! All the same we repudiate Mr. George Moore by reason of something he said recently. They were celebrating some patriotic event in Dublin—probably St. Patrick's Day—and sipping Hippocrene. Mr. Moore was principal guest and speaker. He said some notable things. "Only two people have succeeded in writing a blank verse play, Shakespeare and Mr. Yeats." The poor Elizabethans! Mr. Kipling was incidentally described as "a blot" on the page of literature, and will be forgotten, Mr. Moore is convinced, five years from now. We may add that Mr. Moore will live for ever—as the man who called Rudyard Kipling a blot.

RADIUM RAYS

AT THE time of writing, Madame Curie is lying dangerously ill. Some say of a broken heart over the Langevins divorce trial. More likely it is because of radium. The reports from Paris state that Mme. Curie is suffering from internal burns and abscesses. Prominent neurologists say that the effect of radium on a living body is a killing of the cells. That is how radium is effective in the cure of certain cancers and tumors. Quasi-scientists have advanced a theory that radium is the active principle of life and that presently we will find that life

can be preserved indefinitely by its use. In other words that we shall be made immortal and death shall cease. It does not look like it in poor Madame Curie's case, who seems to have broken down because she lived in a radio-active atmosphere. The fact is Science is but playing with radium at present. She knows little or nothing of the magic product beyond the fact that it is more powerful than dynamite, travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a minute and will pass through a flat-iron with no diminution of its speed. If ten milligrams of radium were fastened to the back of a man's head and let remain there, he would be a dead man instead of an immortal within two weeks. There is not quite a teaspoonful of radium in the world, but if this was gathered in one room any man who would stay with it for a couple of hours would have no more troubles in this world.

The rays must have effected Madame Curie, since she was continually exposed to them. The results were slow but insidious, and unless her system is strong enough to rebuild she will not recover. She is a frail woman, thin to leanness, but she is not of marked nervous temperament, which will stand her to now. Nor is she the sort of woman to be affected into illness by a sentimental court case. She is neither old nor young, but looks older than her forty-six years warrant. She cares little about her looks or dress, but a whole world of sadness lies within her brown eyes.

AN ANGEL BOY

A LITTLE boy, in addition to his own penny, was given a ten-cent piece to put in the collection plate for his mother who was too ill to go to church that Sunday. The special preacher who was engaged to plead for a certain orphanage urged the congregation not to put "miserable little silver coins" in the plate, and so the little boy put in the penny and took the ten cents back to his mother. Taking the ten cents back is the weak part of this pretty tale. He must have been a very little boy, one of the sort brought up on the priggish children's books of olden days, where little boys converted Indian chiefs, and read Fox's Martyrs, and copied "Be good and you will be happy" all day long. He could not have been a human boy, a "glorious human boy" such as Mr. Chadband would have delighted to snatch "as a brand from the burning."

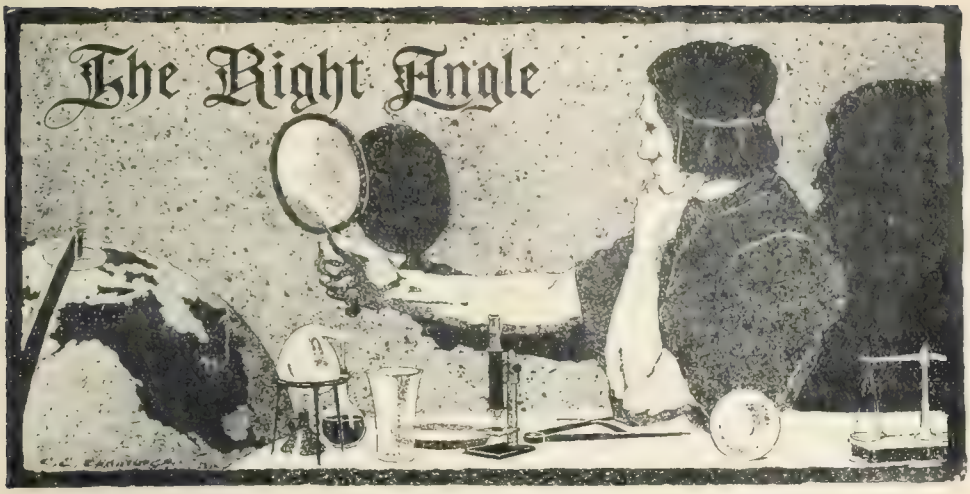
HER SUITOR'S DOG

BY EDWIN BALMER

"WHO'S dat yaller dog,
Hangin' roun' de do'?
Sho' I's nebber seen
Such a measly beast befo'!

"Johnsin, t'row dat scrap-meat out,
Dat ugly quadderped,
Not'in but skin an' bone,
All laigs an' tail an' haid.

"What dog? Dat am yo' dog?
No, no! He don't annoy.
Lub yo', lub yo' dog?—
Come hyar, Sp'ot, mah boy!"



PEOPLE AND STUMPS

TOUCHED by envy, a commercial traveler from the States writes to his home paper from Vancouver: "Great place here for the tired bank clerks. There are no holidays and there is no time off for lunch. When they get fatigued they are allowed to run around the block to rest up. Otherwise it's all right."

A condition that might employ five receiving tellers for one that pays out may stop short of that disproportion in actual employment, but it reflects general prosperity and a corresponding deep activity among all the people. The commercial traveller intimates as much in his conclusion that "otherwise it's all right."

Vancouver certainly is no collection of cadavers. It is all alive with the force and ferment of a tremendously vigorous West behind it, and every town in all that West is full of people most undoubtedly and aggressively alive also, and busy to the limit.

Activity follows the westering star of empire, a luminary now blazing over the Pacific waters. There was a time when it rolled and shone above the eastern sea-board with the same young and abounding influence. That has passed, and left a more staid and less stirring state of things, comfortable but not astonishing. Another commercial traveller about a year ago wrote back home from a region just south of the border in the state of Maine, that "you can't tell the people from the stumps unless you sit down and watch them. If they move, they're stumps".

NAILING A LIBEL

REPORTS have recently been circulated in certain American papers which state that thousands of American settlers who went to Canada last year and the year before are returning to the United States. The reports go on to say that these American settlers, "lured by inducements held out in the line of general farming and wheat-raising" are returning in disgust, having found that "there is little or no attempt at diversified farming, no small stock, and in some places not even milk. Wheat is the only crop, and whenever a farmer misses a crop of wheat his whole season's work is wasted." Further, the reports say that "for six months all farm work has been suspended and the farmer is a virtual prisoner in the far North".

To anyone who knows the facts such statements can only be considered as inspired by self-interest—in other words that somewhere in the woodpile there is a nigger. The old myth of the "frozen north" and the "great lone land" and the "returning Yankees" has had the shorter and uglier word proved against it time and again. A year ago the "15,000 Returning Yankees Myth" was the joke of the country, the "15,000" when tested by actual

figures of the United States Treasury Department boiling down to 261 actual returning settlers. The same thing is true to-day. As a matter of fact, the official government figures show that between April 1, 1910, and April 1, 1911, 121,451 persons went to Canada from the United States, carrying with them an average of $1,000 each in money and settlers' effects, and that in the ten months between April 1, 1911, and February 1, 1912, 111,706 Americans followed them, while in the six months between August 15, and February 15, only 216 persons returned to the United States who on entering Canada had declared themselves "intending Canadian settlers". Now 216 returning settlers in six months is very far from "thousands", and when it is compared with the great inrush of American farmers seeking homes in the fertile lands of the prairie provinces, it is a ridiculously small percentage.

Take, again, the statement that wheat is the only crop of Canada, and that "when a farmer misses a wheat crop his whole season's work is wasted". The official figures given out by the Department of Agriculture show that in 1911 Canada's field crops occupied a total area of 32,853,000 acres, and their value, calculated at the average local market prices, amounted to $565,712,000. Less than one-third of this total field crop acreage was sown to wheat, two-thirds of Canada's yield being composed of oats, rye, barley, flax, root crops, etc. Canada did produce 215,851,000 bushels of wheat, valued at $138,567,000 in 1911. But leave wheat out of it, and look at the Department of Agriculture's official figures on the other crops.

Canada's oats in 1911 were worth $126,512,000; barley, $23,004,000; flax, $19,467,000; and the combined area under rye, peas, buckwheat, mixed grains and flax yielded 44,986,000 bushels, valued at $41,560,000. Hoed and cultivated crops, comprising beans, corn for husking, potatoes, turnips and other roots, except sugar beets, yielded $73,290,000 to the Canadian farmer; sugar beets alone brought him another $1,165,000; fodder crops, including fodder corn, hay, clover and alfalfa showed an acreage of 8,290,000, and were worth $151,314,000. This doesn't sound like an all-wheat country, does it? And it takes into no account the value of cattle, dairy products, poultry, horses, sheep, swine, etc., which amount to hundreds of millions, the Canadian home trade for cream alone being approximated by the recent Canadian Dairymen's Convention at eighty million dollars, and the great ranches of Western Canada exporting beef to the United States and Great Britain in immense quantities.

A country that raises crops like these and where cattle winter out on the open range without shelter is no "frozen north". True, the winters are cold—cold and clear like those in Minnesota. But it is a dry and sunshiny cold, the cold that makes a hard wheat berry, that transforms a soft wheat like the Kansas Turkey Red into an Alberta Red No. 1 Hard in a few seasons, and makes new gradings necessary to mark the superior quality of No. 1 Northern over the No. 1 Hard of ordinary grain. This same cold that makes hard wheat makes sturdy and vigorous people. A characteristic comment was made by Mr. Arthur Burrage Farwell, head of the Law and Order League of the United States, when he visited Canada last year on a tour of inspection. He said, "I never saw so many wholesome, red-cheeked men and women as I saw there." Eighteen hours of sunshine a day and a clear dry climate are good for man and beast. And anyone who has been in Canada during the winter will acknowledge that Canadians are far more out-of-doors in winter than Americans are.

The coming year will undoubtedly see 200,000 American farmers crossing the boundary into Western Canada to take up land in the prairie provinces. The immigration authorities report this year that the inquiries are twice as heavy as in former years, and that such states as Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma will contribute heavily. Already the tide is beginning to move, the settlers being anxious to arrive in time for early breaking and [illegible]ing; and there is no found [illegible] for any

belief that American settlers now in Canada are returning, or will return, from a country where they are doing well.

PUT IT IN THE BAG

A PUNGENT whiff of the kitchen gushed through the burst sides of "Kit's" paper cookery bag, to flavor the contents of "The Pedlar's Pack" in Canada Monthly for March. It evoked this good-natured note of protest from the Montreal office of Edward Lloyd, Limited:

To the Editor: As readers of *Canada Monthly* we cannot forbear writing you a short note in defence of paper bag cookery.

As proprietors of the London *Daily Chronicle*, we were the first people to introduce Mr. Soyer and his discoveries to the notice of the public. From London the good news has spread to every civilized country on the face of the globe, and it is no exaggeration to say that cooking bags are in use from Buenos Aires to Yokohama.

The writer of the leader as it appeared in a recent edition is evidently one of those misguided people who will under no circumstances follow directions, and we might even go further and deduce from this that it was a lady.

If, as your correspondent states, the system has no advantages, why should fifty odd million supposedly rational people use them every day for their roasts, for their entrees, and for their pies? Simply because it is an improvement on the old way of cooking that has been in operation for centuries. Even the savages had an instinctive knowledge of the benefit of conserving nourishment in food, and the paper bag method is a modern means of putting it before the average household.

Let us further explain that cooking in paper bags was never intended for your imported domestics. The whole idea is for the ordinary housewife, the woman who takes sufficient pride in the management of her home to do some of her own kitchen work, and it is in these homes that you will find the paper bag used wherever possible, simply because they have sufficient sense to know that anything that will save them money and labor, is worth cultivating.

To those who say "What my grandmother did seventy years ago is good enough for me" we have no message other than "If you cannot boost, don't knock."

This letter is not written in any spirit of advertisement, and we thank you in anticipation for giving it a little space in your next number, and remain, Yours truly,

EDWARD LLOYD, Limited.

Very nice, and given space gladly, thank you. But even so simple a thing as putting up a stove pipe for the first time has been known to drive a sincerely pious man into peril of his immortal part, through the things he has said on the spur of the experience, and "Kit" being a lady (as guessed), and Irish at that, may have let the paper bag down gently, considering its novelty. There was neither knock nor boost, but only the recital of an experiment that did not work, perhaps through misunderstood directions. There is no room for quarrel in a paper bag. Between Buenos Aires and Yokohama no burst bags have impeded the march of commerce, nor is anything of the sort likely to occcur between Montreal and Prince Rupert. The stream is only "fretted by the reeds it roots not up". Why root? It is all to the good for the bag business. Great are the uses of paper.

A HOMELY BOOK OF HOMELAND

A NEW edition of James Baker's book, "Mark Tillotson," appears from the press of Chapman and Hall, London. Mr. Baker describes it as a novel, but the plain word, book, fits better, because it is a long and quite alluring sequence of travel pictures, filled with many characters that come and go, most of them homely and homelike, none heroic, but all warmly human. Their combinations and reactions are real enough without touching romance as commonly understood, or taking on the glitter of high places. It is the final one of a series dealing with rivers. The first followed the Rhine, the second, the Danube, the third, the pretty little river Lyn, in Devon. This one, the fourth and best, chooses the Elbe, perhaps the most beautiful of the rivers of Europe, but the home scenes overbalance those laid abroad, and therein lies its finest merit.

It is a good story, that has maintained a fair vogue these ten years, and still is called for, a thing that could not happen with any book that had not truth in its heart and charm in its manner. Mr. Baker knows and loves his England, which is England of the west country, where Devon looks on Somerset, and Somerset on Dorset—a land of Beulah, softest and dearest, and fullest of rich content over all the corners of this wonderful world. He makes you see again the rounded hills, the grey old hamlets with their venerable church towers

rising out of rooky woods, where slanting sunbeams make calm glory in the air, and peaceful shadows fall across the mead. It breathes the spirit of a quiet people, quaint traditions, faith, and steadfast ideals, unperturbed by impacts from a restless life outside. It is a folk story, perhaps one of the best of its kind these modern days have given us; the sort of book one would wish to keep, and read again. And that is a mark that cannot be put on many books.

BUFFALO AT WAINWRIGHT

ABOUT two years ago there came drifting across the border a writer from New York who gravely announced his purpose to go to Wainwright and if possible secure photographs of the last remaining herd of buffalo. This fearsome venture had somewhat the effect of

"Decent David's dance before the ark,
Whose grand *pas seul* excited some remark."

The bold explorer was not impressed by the information, freely offered, that he could walk up to the park fence any day he liked, and photograph them to his heart's content. He was not to be spoofed by humorists in Toronto or Winnipeg, and forth he fared, with his cameras and his snowshoes. It was to laugh.

And yet it really is odd that so remarkable an arrest in the vanishment of a noble race of beasts has attracted so little attention abroad. The Wainwright herd was purchased from a half-breed named Pablo, who had begun in 1873, with four calves, on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana, and who tried to make a sale to the United States Government, asking that a national park be established for them in that reservation. The United States declined the proposition, but the Dominion government took over the herd at a lump price of $200,000, and kept them in Elk Island Park until the Wainwright park of 107,000 acres on the Grand Trunk Pacific, be made ready. They were moved to Wainwright in 1909, together with 77 buffalo from the park at Banff, and thirty more that were bought from the Conrad herd in Montana, making a total of 721. On January first this year they numbered 1031.

At Elk Island and Banff there are about eighty specimens, and the best count possible shows some 450 more in a wild state, roaming the country west of Smith's Landing, on the Athabasca. This brings the total buffalo in Canada up to 1561. The Bison Society's census shows only 2,760 in the whole of North America, so that more than half are in the Dominion, and of that half nearly all are in the Wainwright Park, waiting to be photographed by any Yankee who wants to preserve for himself a record of what the United States let slip away, and Canada was sufficiently large-minded to buy and pay for, and keep and let increase, that the greatest of all our autochthonous wild animals shall not perish from the earth.

CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS

PROBABLY there was not another man on board the fated Titanic who could so ill be spared, on whom so much depended, as Charles Melville Hays, president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. In some eighteen months the National Transcontinental which Mr. Hays planned will be completed, and these months are a crucial time in the making of the road, a time when Mr. Hays is needed above all. The development of a huge section of Canada has depended, ever since the project was begun, upon Mr. Hays' farsightedness and executive ability.

But in the darkness of that dreadful Monday morning, when the word went about the doomed steamer that the boats would hold but a scant third of the passengers, and the officers said, "Women and children first", Mr. Hays stepped back, as they lowered the frail keels away, and remained on the Titanic. In that hour he was not the great railway president; he was merely the simple-hearted man, giving up his place, perhaps, to some sabot-shod woman from the steerage with a shawl over her head and a baby wrapped in its folds.

No sign will mark where the Titanic lies, but the heroism shown by the men aboard her will be a monument more enduring than brass.

WRITTEN EXCUSES

THE teacher of a kindergarten class was strict in the matter of compelling her charges to bring written excuses from home in case they had missed attendance at school.

After a big storm, which kept many of the youngsters away, all but one brought perfunctory explanations from their mothers. The one child was told to have a letter with him the next day. He did and it read:

"Dear Madam: Willie's legs are 16 inches long and the snow was two feet deep.

Yours, etc."

THE CALL

WIFE—You know that Mrs. Newcomb moved in down the street Monday, so I called to-day.

Hub—Well, well! How like poker this "social game" is.

Wife—How do you mean?

Hub—Why, in poker you also call when you want to see what the other person has.

HIS HANDICAP

"THE greatest bandmaster I ever knew," says the man with the ashes on his vest, "was a little, slim, bald-headed, smoothfaced fellow named John Smith. As a band leader he made all these famous ones look like hopeless amateurs."

"I never heard of him," argues the man with the reversible tie.

"Of course you didn't. Nor did anybody else. Didn't I just say that he was a little, slim, bald-headed, smoothfaced fellow, and that his name was John Smith?"

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

SOCIETY DAME—Oh, doctor, I'm so sorely troubled with ennui!

Doctor—H'm! Why don't you interest yourself in finding out how the other half lives?

Society Dame—Gracious! Why, I'm not looking for a divorce!

THE PRIVILEGE OF AGE

"YOU must not talk all the time, Ethel," said the mother who had been interrupted.

"When will I be old enough to, mamma?" asked the little girl.

WHERE THE ACCENT IS

OBSERVING modern matrimony,
One cannot but reflect 'tis funny.
With bridge and dress
And social stress
They want less matri and more money.

IMPORTANT FEATURE

"PAPA," says the little boy, "I'm hungry. Let's go get a sandwich."

"After I've thought out this problem, Willie. Don't disturb my train of thought."

After waiting in silence and patience

for ten minutes, the little boy ventures:

"Papa, hasn't your train of thought got a diner on it?"

WHY NOT ?

"WE didn't take a very good picture," explains the member of the group, "because we were all out of focus."

"Then," asks the man who believes in getting what he wants when he wants it, "why didn't you have the photographer wait until you could wire back to town and have enough focus for the whole crowd sent out at once ?"

THE ANNUAL

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

WHEN the soap is on the stairway
and the rugs are on the lawn
And the paperhanger's coming while
the plasterer has gone,
When the men are all dejected and are
bothered with the blues,
While their wives are madly shuffling in
enormous overshoes—
O the house is in a turmoil at the very
blush of dawn,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

When the cullud lady's smashing all
the marble statuettes,
And the hardwood floors are ruined by
the roller-skating pets,
When the grand piano's damaged by a
can of color spilled
In its innermost recesses by a man who
should be killed—
O it's then we see a picture never
painted; nay, nor drawn,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

When you're eating from the gas range
and are sleeping in the hall,
And you sit down in the kalsomine
intended for the wall,
And the batter cakes are tinted with a
dash of indigo,
And your coffee tastes of benzine and
there's borax in the dough
O a broom will send you side wise like a
timid, startled fawn,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

Ah, for somewhere east of Suez, where
the best is like the worst,
And a human habitation by house clean-
ing is not cursed !
For there's tumult in the attic and the
cellar is a mess,
And you have to screen the windows
with a bureau when you dress,
And you have a very doubtful spring-
less cot to sleep upon,
When the soap is on the stairway and
the rugs are on the lawn.

NATURE WAS IN TUNE

CHEERFUL Undertaker — Beautiful day for the funeral, sir; just enough breeze to stir the plumes. Now jump in, sir, please.

PHILOSOPHY BY MAIL

THERE was once a man who had a great scheme of philosophy to propound. He became so engrossed in his idea that he allowed his hair to flourish unrestrained, wore out-of-date clothing and generally went around in a slipshod manner.

"Humph !" said those who heard this. "He is only posing. He doesn't mean what he says."

So he had his hair cut and acquired clothing of the latest style and pattern. Having remodeled himself thus, once more he started forth to spread his new doctrine.

"Humph !" said the same people. "He is only bluffing. He doesn't know what he is talking about."

This shows us that the best way to be a philosopher is to do it by mail.

TWELVE MILES FROM HERE

TWO French Canadian citizens were traveling down a river in a houseboat. One of them knew the river and the other did not.

They anchored for the night on a bar. Along toward daylight the craft went adrift. Three hours later the motion awoke one of the travelers. He poked his head out of the door. An entirely strange section of scenery was passing.

"Baptiste ! Baptiste !" he yelled. "Get up ! We ain't here !"

His comrade roused himself and looked out.

"No, by gar!" he said, "we're twelve miles from here!"

ABRIDGING SIZE

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of fat;
Rashly importunate,
Wants to be flat.
Hook her up tenderly,
Fasten with care,
Lace her in slenderly—
All she can bear.

Look at her garments
Giving her torments!
Twinges sartorial
Mark each effaced line;
Less equatorial
Dwindles her waist line.

Look at her smilingly
While you beguilingly
Further condense her;
Steel for the strengthening
Of lines you're lengthening;
Seams growing tenser.

Tie her up solidly,
Cramp her and squeeze
Till she stands stolidly
Stiff to the knees.
Pose her thus frigidly,
Gorgeously grim,
Ramroddy rigidly,
Shadowy slim!

Where's her avoirdupois?
It is concealed.
She can afford a poise
As though congealed.

Crippled of movement, she
Shows the improvement she
Came here to get.
Look at her, mummified,
Dressmaker's dummified,
Fashion's own pet.

Hook her up tenderly,
Fasten with care,
Fashion her slenderly—
All she can bear.
One more unfortunate,
Slave to a whim,
Rashly importunate
To be made slim.

IN LONDON

"I FEAR you are losing interest in the cause."

"Why?"

"I see you constantly with a young man."

"No danger," declared the militant suffragette.

"Then he is not your beau?"

"No: he's a professional bondsman."

IMPUDENT JACK

DELLE—I don't speak to Jack any more.

Nelle—What's the trouble?

Delle—I told him the ladies' aid approved the way I dressed my hair, and he had the impudence to ask if it was ratified.

SOLVED

"WHAT made the price of cotton go up so suddenly?" asks the man with the wispy whiskers.

"Hear about Roosevelt sending five or six thousand animals to the Smithsonian Institution?" asks the man with the overdrawn ears. "Well, every one of them has to be stuffed with cotton batting."

CURSORY

A HUNTSMAN called on Hodge to settle for damage done by a run to hounds, and found only Mrs. Hodge at home.

"Has your husband," he inquired, "made an examination yet?"

"That he have, sir!" replied Mrs. Hodge, with a curtsey.

"Rather a cursory examination, I suspect?"

"Oh, dreadful, sir! Such langwidge I never heerd—never!" And the good woman held up her hands at the bare recollection.

GOING SLOW

"SOME new potatoes to-day?" inquired the grocer with a sugary smile.

"I don't know," responded the young housewife. "The old kind have been quite satisfactory. How do these new potatoes differ from the old brands? If they are really an improvement, I might try some."

Building a City of Certainties

By Will Corbin

Author of "The Story of the Cities," "Rebuilding San Francisco," etc.

[illegible]

A City of Certainties

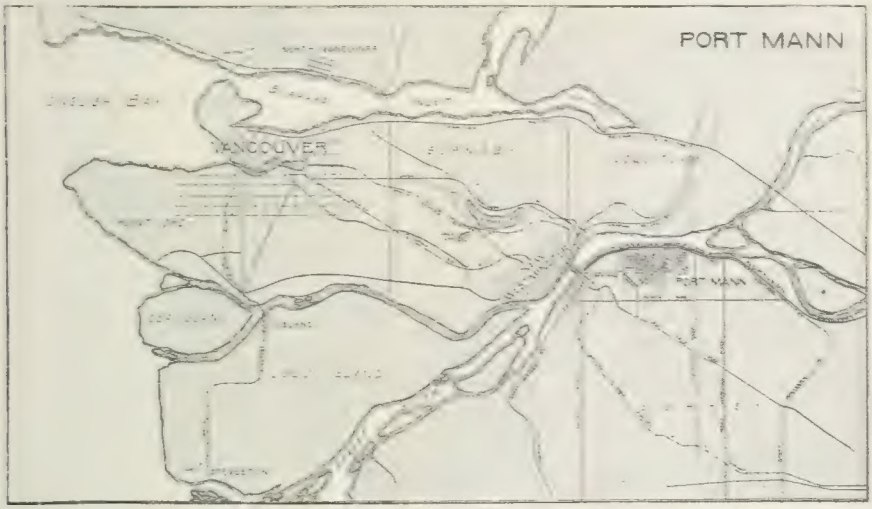
[illegible]

York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or New Orleans. For, like these cities, Port Mann has come to meet a demand commercial—to take its place as a distributing point for the traffic and products of the western world.

There is a reason behind Port Mann. It will be built primarily as the Pacific Coast terminus of the Canadian Northern transcontinental railway. Its purpose will be to insure accommodation for the handling of the freight with which the Canadian Northern will have to deal. But, in the building of the city, the railroad has looked beyond its own needs to the future importance of the city itself.

And now, having taken a quick glance at the layout of the city itself, let us see just how and why Port Mann has come to be. First in order of these was the necessity for a Pacific freight terminus for the Canadian Northern Railway. Second, and most important from the standpoint of the seeker of opportunity, was the necessity for a new clearing point for the commerce of the Pacific Coast—the same underlying reasons that stand back of Vancouver's growth.

Twenty-five years ago the population of Vancouver was less than one thousand. It consisted of a mean little village of a few dozen rickety shacks, slouching among the stumps in a little



The townsite covers 1,250 acres, on the north bank of the Fraser River. It has a beautiful water-front extending two miles in length. A large portion of this has been reserved for wharves, docks, grain elevators, coal bunkers and manufacturing industries. Arrangements also are being made for developing a water power for the purpose of supplying electrical energy.

The residential and commercial portion is located on a slightly elevated plateau, south of the water front and railway terminals. All the streets and avenues are wide. Provision has also been made for parks, driveways and boulevards, and the whole townsite has been cleared, the surrounding district being covered by heavy timber.

clearing. But Vancouver as a port was already made; it had to come. Given one of the great natural harbors of the world, Vancouver was predestined to become a great port of Canada. All it needed was a railroad to carry its imports to the seven corners of the Dominion and to bring its exports to the busy wharves. So, with the coming of the railroad, Vancouver began to grow. It took it just twenty-five years to jump from a city of 1,000 to a metropolis of 100,000 people.

Born of An Industrial Need

It was a city built to fulfill a need. And it is for this *same* industrial reason that Port Mann stands to-day as a city of unquestioned possibilities. The same

economic reasons that brought about the growth of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco and Vancouver stand behind Port Mann. In fact, reduced to definite figures, Port Mann possesses more natural advantages and commercial possibilities to-day than any of the other great Pacific Coast ports.

But the thing that stands out about Port Mann is the absolute certainty of its future. The men who made fortunes in New York, Chicago, Seattle and Vancouver were possessed of a prophetic business vision. And yet, even then, they were playing a gambler's chance. A few won; thousands lost. Marshall Field, the heaviest realty owner in Chicago, once said that had he known the future of the "loop" district ten years sooner than he did, he might easily have died a billionaire. Yet Field was the shrewdest buyer in real estate the United States has ever known.

The beginning at Port Mann

It is this condition—this element of uncertainty in the building of a city—that held back the great cities of to-day in the early stages of their growth. And it was the same element of luck, and chance, that caused hundreds of thousands to lose their fortunes in the real estate markets of the growing American cities. Neighborhoods changed and business fluctuated with such amazing rapidity that the great business block of one year became the worthless, impossible, tenantless building of the next.

But in Port Mann, as in Gary, all this is different. Men who invested in the early days of Gary were playing a sure-thing. They knew that such and such a lot would increase each year in value. They knew which streets were destined to become the thoroughfares of business; which, the residential avenues and boulevards. They could look ahead twenty, thirty and forty years and forecast with absolute certainty the future value of their holdings. They were investing in certainties rather than gambling in possibilities.

In so far as it is a hand-made city Port Mann has much in common with the steel town of Indiana. But the fact that makes Port Mann the great city of opportunities is its unexcelled location as a future harbor of the world. Here, in its forty-foot harbor, ships will eventually dock from the other great seaports of the Pacific Ocean. The possibilities offered in west-bound traffic by the opening of the Panama Canal will be especially far-reaching. The stimulation of the wheat export trade by the opening of the canal will cause an increase in traffic, which can best be explained by calling attention to the expansion of the traffic on the prairie divisions of the Canadian Northern Railway—an expansion that has added a mile a day for twelve years to the mileage of the road, and a prospective doubling of the capacity of the Winnipeg shops.

This of itself will make Port Mann a big and busy city, with an immense volume of grain pouring in from the prairie divisions for transhipment into the ocean-going vessels that will carry it to Liverpool and other English and European ports, as well as to the market of the Orient.

And now, just a word as to the market of the Orient may help to describe, briefly, the future importance of Port Mann. Japan and China are, at the present time, forging rapidly to the front as buyers of grain. Kansas, Texas, Illinois and the other great grain

This place was a "gamble," and look at it now

producing States of the United States are fighting for this new trade. California is edging in as far as possible on the field. There is a unanimity of opinion that the markets of the Orient are going to be the great future markets of the world—greater buyers of American goods and American products than any other nation, or group of nations, in the history of the export trade.

And so, admitting that fact, picture —if you will—the future of Port Mann. Look at the subject from a business, an industrial, an economic standpoint. Picture its splendid harbor, among the finest in the world, with its logical position as the gateway to the Orient and the Panama Canal for half the continent of North America. Here, standing as the terminus of 10,000 miles of lines, as the western outlet of Canada's best cities, Port Mann is destined to become the commercial rival of Vancouver and its industrial superior.

The great markets of the future are the Orient, Australia, South America and Alaska. The commercial battle of the next half-century will be fought around the control of these markets. They are the future buyers of our grain, our fruit and our manufactured products. No one disputes these facts. And so, standing as the gateway of the greatest undeveloped section of the western hemisphere, Port Mann will become—in a few short years—the strategic centre of the commerce of the world.

The builders of Port Mann have realized this fact. They have built with that end in view. Provision has been made for a water frontage great enough to permit any number of manufacturers to locate on the site. Numerous applications have, in fact, already been secured from manufacturers in eastern Canada and elsewhere, whose intention is to erect large plants on this townsite. A freight car building company now located in the East has, for instance, already selected a site for a big plant at Port Mann. As the timber used for manufacturing these cars is shipped from British Columbia to the East, this firm will save on the eastbound haul, and once the cars are built they will have no difficulty in securing loads to their destination, because the eastbound traffic at the present far surpasses the westbound movement in volume.

Big Industries Looking for Sites

A number of other important industries, for similar reasons, are negotiating for sites in the new city of the last West. Among these is a flour mill with an ultimate capacity of 5,000 barrels a day, and a string of terminal elevators, which will have ten acres of water frontage at the upper end of the townsite, about a mile and a quarter above the railroad bridge. Close by, and already provided for, will be the machine shops of the Canadian Northern, a gigantic dry dock, a wood-working establishment, an oatmeal mill, two steel and iron foundry works, cold storage plants and many other industries of far-reaching importance.

The markets of the Orient are in touch with these docks

In the way of real estate investments Port Mann has already proved its future trend. H. L. Johnson, the managing director of the Pacific Properties Limited, of Vancouver, states that the holdings of his syndicate, approximate $1,500,000, being exceeded only by those of a Winnipeg firm whose investment is close to $2,000,000. Wm. McBain is president of the Pacific Properties Limited, and E. A. Mackenzie, secretary-treasurer. The sales of large sections of the townsite to syndicates now aggregate close to $4,000,000, with individual holdings equal to this amount.

So—with an $8,000,000 start—Port Mann's future is already secure. That the Canadian Northern is planning to establish shops employing in the neighborhood of 5,000 men is assurance enough of the industrial future of the town, for at the usual estimate, that means a population at the start of close to 15,000 people—the cream, by the way, of the working class; the kind of people that insure the success of a community's business life.

But in building Port Mann the Canadian Northern has realized the necessity of providing the best possible living conditions. From a residential point of view the site of the new city cannot be surpassed. The view from the city across the Fraser River, toward the snow-capped mountains in the distance, is one of the finest in the world. British Columbia, like California, is a country which has a steady influx of private residents who settle there on account of the climate. The city of Vancouver is particularly benefitted by a large number of wealthy citizens, who have located there in the last few years. The prices of real estate in Vancouver, however, have risen to such an extraordinary height that it is almost impossible for a man of moderate means to get reasonable accommodations for building purposes. A well-administered city like Port Mann should, for this reason, commend itself strongly to those desirous of locating on the Pacific Coast.

And now, in summing up, I wish to go on record, if I may, as saying that I consider Port Mann the greatest city of opportunity on the American continent to-day. I base this statement on the fact that it embodies all of the requisites of healthy and rapid urban growth. I base it furthermore upon the fact that its location—as the distributing point of the trade of Western Canada to the markets of the world—makes it at once the next logical port of the western world—a place where the products of the greatest undeveloped section in America may be exchanged for the money and products of undeveloped markets in the far East.

I make this statement because I know. There is not even a remote possibility that Port Mann will not become at an early date the commercial rival of Vancouver, Seattle and San Francisco. There is no more possibility of mistake in this than that any other great city—standing as the terminus of a transcontinental railroad system—should not succeed. But the peculiar part about Port Mann—the thing that makes it different from the rest—is the fact that it is the last great port available of this kind. Port Mann is here—now. It is at the same point in its growth as Vancouver was twenty-five years ago. It offers an even greater chance. Vancouver was a gamble; Port Mann is a sure thing. That is why I have chosen to call it a city of certainty—a place where the seeker of opportunity can get in on the ground floor.